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All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

MR. MACDONALD and Mr. Henderson have done good work in Berlin this week. It was not to be supposed that their visit would teach them anything new about the present discontents of Germany. Its value was in its moral effect. The Germans were down in the mouth and wanted encouragement, and it is plain from all the reports that they got a great deal. There was nothing in this—so any reasonable person would have thought—to alarm France. But France in her present temper is, as was said of the prophet Habakkuk, *capable de tout*, and there have been the usual grumbles and snarls in the Paris press. It is ludicrous to imagine that the Prime Minister or the Foreign Secretary, or anyone in this country, wants to "keep France and Germany apart." What Mr. MacDonald has done this week is to express his genuine sympathy with Germany, and his intention of finding the way to put that sympathy into practical effect. There is no doubt that he has British public opinion solid behind him.

* * *

It is true that this might presently involve action, in the political as well as the economic field, running counter to French policy. But the French have got sooner or later to change their policy. They cannot go on making a mess of Europe till the crack of doom. The reduction of armaments—and not merely the restriction of German battleships—must be taken seriously, and we hope for some ginger from America in this respect. Nor can the revision of the peace treaties be put off indefinitely, whatever Paris may think or wish. For the moment, however, Paris has been thinking less about the Treaty of Versailles than about the Bank of England, and its second thoughts are more friendly and sensible than its first. The drain of gold from London, it is clear, has gone as far as, or farther than, the French bankers desire, and they have been at pains to find some method of supporting the Bank of England. The rumours of an agreement on a large credit from the Bank of France have not been confirmed, as we write. But it seems certain that an arrangement will be come to for preventing a dislocation of the money market which would damage not us alone, but every one, including the French, in greater or less degree.

* * *

Russian comment on the situation in Germany continues to be jubilant and alarming. The "failure" of the London Conference—in Moscow it is characterised as "the fiasco of the saviours of capitalism"—has filled the Bolsheviks with a new joy. "The Conference," they declare, "has not diminished the acuteness of the crisis. It has increased it. Its effects will be to promote the further extension of the crisis. It reveals the helplessness of the international bourgeoisie before the impending crash of world capitalism." And with a

confidence which is undoubtedly exaggerated, but which should not be underestimated, the Moscow press continues to predict the inevitable collapse of Germany. These comments cannot be dismissed as entirely baseless propaganda. Russia has sources of information in Germany to which the Western Powers have no access. She is in the closest touch with the German Communists, and, while it may suit her policy to overestimate their strength, there is no reason to suppose that her view of the situation is wholly fantastical. In Britain the tendency is to exaggerate the strength of Hitler and to minimise that of German Communism. Hitler has waited so long that one may now doubt whether he possesses the attributes of a man of action. In certain circumstances the German Communists might become a serious menace.

* * *

The attempt on the life of Sir John Hotson has been followed by the murder, on the bench, of Mr. Garlick, District Judge of Alipore, Calcutta. During the past twenty years the Alipore court has been the scene of many treason trials, and, as such, frequently associated with acts of violence. There can be no doubt that Mr. Garlick was marked down by a terrorist gang on account of his close connection with the special tribunals. Mr. Das Gupta, the more moderate of the two National Congress leaders in Bengal, has denounced the murder and made it the text of an appeal for a return to non-violence. This cannot be described as popular doctrine in Bengal, where jubilation over the "martyrdom" of patriotic assassins is a regular phenomenon. Mr. Gandhi is curiously remote from Calcutta. If he were not, the Alipore murder and its circumstances might have a direct bearing upon his plans for the Round Table. He is still taken up with the alleged violations of the Irwin pact in the form of peasant grievances in Gujerat and elsewhere. These to the Mahatma are of major importance.

* * *

We hope that the strong representations made by the British Government to Nanking will clear up the mystery of Mr. John Thorburn. This young man is a British subject who disappeared nearly two months ago. He was apparently involved in some affray in which he is alleged to have mortally wounded two Chinese gendarmes. The Nanking Government profess to know nothing of his whereabouts; the British consular authorities declare that he was seized and carried off by the military police. It is the business of the Chinese Government, as Dr. Dalton said in the House of Commons the other day, to find out what has happened to Mr. Thorburn, to hand him over to the British authorities if he is alive or, if he is dead, to bring those who are guilty to book. General Chiang Kai-shek and his colleagues will be well advised, in the interests of China, to take this warning and demand seriously. The British Government, though cautious in the matter, are quite honestly desirous of meeting the Chinese claims for the abolition of extraterritoriality, and they have a strong public opinion with them. But the opposition of "the Britisher on the spot" and of many Conservatives at home has still to be overcome, and it is already plain enough how it will be strengthened by this unhappy affair.

The ship of State in Spain is now getting into choppier water. In the Cortes on Tuesday Señor Alcalá Zamora gave an account of his stewardship and announced the resignation of the Provisional Government. In the debate which followed there was a good deal of criticism and some noisy exchanges between Left and Right. But Señor Zamora has a strong support in the Chamber, and it seems very likely that he will be re-invested with power. The new Government, whether it be his or another's, will have a stiff task. Though the Republican cause is in no danger, there are more than enough parties and groups with divergent aims. Nor is it only political problems, such as Separatism or the relations of Church and State, that have to be solved. Education and public health lag deplorably. The peseta is in a sorry condition. Economically Spain is in the melting pot, and there are some who are envisaging a great drive towards industrialisation. But the most pressing question at the moment is the land. There is widespread agrarian distress, especially in Andalusia, and bold measures will be needed to improve the lot of the peasantry. One of these must be the breaking-up of the big private estates, which in the Centre and South are of monstrous size and barely give the labourers a subsistence wage. Other parts of the country are cursed with a subdivision of holdings which makes equally for penury.

* * *

The new commercial treaty, which after months of difficult negotiations has just been signed by Jugoslavia and Austria, has not received in this country the notice it deserves. In effect, it marks a new departure in the making of European commercial treaties. It is based on a system of tariff contingents whereby Austria will take certain fixed quantities of Jugoslav cereals and pigs at a reduced preferential tariff, in return for similar preference for certain fixed quantities of Austrian industrial products. The treaty cannot enter into immediate effect until it has been approved by those States which have "most favoured nation" agreements with Austria and Jugoslavia. Negotiations towards this end have already begun and are said to be proceeding satisfactorily. In any case both countries are confident that, even if there is opposition, the "most favoured nation" clause can be successfully circumvented. British Imperialists will see in the new treaty a certain resemblance to the Imperial Preference treaties between the Dominions. Its real significance, however, lies in the fact that this system of preferences makes a strong appeal to the other states, which have been formed out of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The Austro-Jugoslav Treaty is therefore likely to be followed by other treaties, which, by reducing tariffs in an area that was formerly a single economic entity, may pave the way for closer economic unity in Central Europe.

* * *

Lords and Commons have compromised on the Land Utilisation Bill, which now receives the Royal Assent. Dr. Addison has had to give up for the present his scheme for a corporation with power to acquire land for experiments in large-scale farming; but he gets the rest of his Bill, including the proposal for small holdings, without very much damage. The Lords have thus scored a party victory in the opening clause at the cost

of giving way on the rest; and we have no doubt that, in the circumstances, it was better to take the Bill as it stands than to wait on the chance of passing it, with its original clause one, under the Parliament Act. None the less, we are sorry that the Land Corporation scheme has had to go; there is good reason to think that the future of farming in England is divided between the small family farm and the large holding worked on industrial lines, and that the typical middle-sized farm makes the worst of both worlds. It is, however, clear that only State experiment is likely to give the large farm a chance; and presumably the Land Corporation scheme will come back before long in the form of a separate Bill, to be passed if necessary over the Lords' heads. Still, the delay is unfortunate; for the sooner the experiment is made the better.

* * *

Mr. Graham, the Food Council, and the Master Bakers have been enjoying another set-to. The Master Bakers proclaim their right to give the Council only such information as they think good for it. The Council retorts by reporting them to Mr. Graham, who reads them a lecture, but is wholly without power to make them disclose the information they do not wish to give. Naturally, this concerns the amount of their profits in relation to costs and selling prices. The Master Bakers say that to supply this information for individual firms would be misleading, because it would be impossible to separate the profits of manufacture from those of advantageous buying. Mr. Graham answers that it is for the Council, and not for the Master Bakers, to say what facts are likely to be useful, and ends up by pointing out that his present impotence is an excellent argument in favour of the Consumers' Council Bill. Indeed, everyone knows that the Food Council, as it now exists, without any compulsory powers, is useless; and, in view of the obstruction which the Bill has been meeting in Committee, the present object-lesson is timely and valuable.

* * *

The Report of the famous Economy Committee is not officially out as we write; but there have been the usual leakages in advance. Apparently, the majority of the Committee has been enjoying itself thoroughly, and the country is to be presented with a proposal for a cut of eighty or ninety millions in expenditure, mainly at the expense of the social services. There is to be the usual anathema on the unemployment insurance scheme; but this time health insurance is also a suggested victim. Housing subsidies, too, come in for strong criticism; and so does the work of the Unemployment Grants Committee. And there is the customary chorus about cutting down the inspectorate under various Acts and economising on the Civil Service. Defence expenditure apparently cannot be reduced, in the view of the Committee. All this is, of course, precisely what was to be expected from the membership, apart from the two Labour representatives who are said to have prepared a strong minority report. Much party capital will doubtless be made out of the Committee's proposals; but the one thing certain is that no Government, of any party, will carry them out.

Lancashire, through its new voluntary Development Council, which has the friendly backing of the Government, is entering upon a campaign to attract new industries. It is recognised that the volume of employment in the cotton trade can never again be what it was; for, even if sales recover, this will be achieved only by way of intensive mechanisation which will reduce the demand for labour. The coal industry in the county is also declining, and textile engineering can hardly hope to do more than hold its own. There must be, then, either a permanent wave of unemployment or short time, or the exclusion of a large number of women from industry, or more probably both, unless new industries can be persuaded to settle in the area. For social reasons, the artificial silk trade ought obviously to have been localised in Lancashire rather than in the South. We wish the Council well; but we doubt if it will be able to achieve much without statutory powers. What Lancashire really needs is not an unofficial body for propaganda but a fully constituted statutory Council for Regional Development, armed with powers which will enable it to make real provision for new services, and offer real inducements to new industries to reverse the current trend southwards. Such regional bodies are a necessary feature of any sound policy of national development such as we should like to see the Government adopt.

* * *

Is it too much to hope that the Liberal Summer School, which meets for the eleventh time this week-end, will really force members of the Liberal Party to discover where they stand? The Liberal School has been distinguished in the past for an unusual willingness to face facts. It was founded after the war by a group of able men who were emphatically not Conservatives, who disliked the strength of Trade Union influence in the Labour Party, and who considered current Socialist doctrine nebulous and dangerous. The Liberal Industrial enquiry was their work. It had an immediate effect, notably upon the policy of the Labour Party. Since then Liberalism has steadily declined. At the moment it presents a wretched picture of disunity and incoherence. Liberal amendments have made the Land Tax a less harmful measure than it otherwise would have been. With this exception few Liberals would claim much credit for their recent parliamentary record. This year's School at Cambridge is therefore a great opportunity for plain speaking and clear thinking. Where do Liberals now stand in regard to tariffs? Free Trade, the central doctrine of Liberalism, was challenged at last year's School by Mr. E. D. Simon, and there is to be a full day's debate on the subject this year. Now Liberals are asking, just as Labour men are asking, can *laisser-faire* in foreign trade be defended by people who talk about "planning" and who have altogether thrown over *laisser-faire* in home affairs? The older school of rigid economists are already changing their allegiance and some no doubt must follow Sir John Simon's example and admit themselves for practical purposes Conservatives. But the bulk of the Parliamentary Party and certainly those who have been the life of the Summer School discussions in the past must, we think, take their place as a wing of the Labour Party, if they are to retain the political influence which is the fair return for their abilities.

THE SILLY SEASON

THE newspapers in August used to be considered a good subject for jest. Man is only an intermittently political animal and if "Should girls marry?" "Are dough-nuts fattening?" and "Have murderers blue eyes?" were thought suitable for the drowsy mood of sea-shore reading, we always assumed that, when the holidays were over, we should return with renewed zest to the problem of India, the world slump and the never-ending audacity of the House of Lords.

Sometimes we have had cause to regret that the summer holidays were exclusively devoted to food, sex, murder and gossip, because in the international field public events of unusual importance are apt to occur in August. The reparations problem usually reaches its climax in the holiday season: it was in August that the Kellogg Pact was signed; while, if Mr. Snowden's defiance at The Hague had occurred in any other month than August there would surely have been a larger number of critics to point out that it would prove expensive in the long run—as it has done—and to protest against a policy which suggested that Great Britain was willing to sacrifice any international issue for a comparatively trivial sum of money. But it was the silly season, and only a prig would complain if the public took a mental and moral as well as a physical holiday.

Recently the onset of the silly season has been hardly noticeable because all the seasons have been treated as silly seasons. As the competition for circulation increases amongst the daily papers the pressure towards the elimination of serious comment and news also increases. The average intelligence of any community is low, and if everyone in an audience has to be amused, the appeal must be either very crude or very trivial. Above all, everything unflattering and disturbing, everything that calls for thought or upsets cherished prejudice, must be avoided. Therefore every paper which bids for a seven-figure circulation must gloss over the unpleasant, must assure us that all our troubles will easily come right—especially if we put such and such men in power—and must divert our attention from unpleasant facts at our own doors by telling us attractive stories of the diabolical behaviour of some foreign Power whose relations are not, for the moment, markedly friendly. This is, of course, the old technique of the demagogue whose job the newspapers now do their best to filch. And, apart from the increase of newspaper competition, there are to-day strong additional inducements to concentrate on the trivial and to treat politics, when they must be treated at all, purely as a stunt.

The political muddle is unusually great and thinking about it correspondingly painful. It is hard to see the House of Commons as the romantic arena which it seemed to be in the days of Palmerston and Cobden or Gladstone and Disraeli. Few of us really believe that all the right is on one side and that the country will go to the dogs at once if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald continues in office or if Mr. Baldwin takes his place. Nor do any of us—least of all the experts—approach our economic problems with any confident sense of illumination. We are conscious, as never before, of the urgency of action, and yet we are unable to make up our minds how to act. In private the most orthodox are asking whether all this old talk about "the breakdown of capitalism"—which few Socialists really felt very certain about in their hearts—may not, after all, have been something more than mere talk, whether we may not really have in front of us a violent catastrophe and more probably a long period of decay, an eternal and ceaseless slump. The experts contradict one another; and Parliament seems peculiarly helpless and the voices of the politicians sound in our ears like the droning of a cloud of gnats. Is it surprising that we tend increasingly to welcome any trivial distractions or comfortable lies offered us in our daily papers?

This is one side of the picture and it is the stock defence of modern journalism. If it is indeed the business of the newspaper to give the public what it wants and to measure its appetite simply by the test of what sells most readily, then we get the newspapers we deserve and then, incidentally, democracy is a farce which is bound in the not very distant future to give way to some sterner form of government. For the problem of India does not remain stationary while we are on perpetual holiday; the reform of Parliament is not less urgent; the economic catastrophe which threatens us will not be diverted by reassuring phrases; our relationships with Russia will drift to disaster if our knowledge of Communism is confined to the statistics of dumped Russian butter; if a greater effort is not made to explain to the public what issues are really involved in the coming Disarmament Conference, and in the present acute phase of Anglo-German relations, we may again find ourselves some silly-season morning in the situation of August, 1914.

Is this a final condemnation of democracy? That is an easy view which gains ground rapidly to-day. If, it is argued, most people despair of understanding the complexity of modern problems and prefer instead to read the kind of fare provided for them in the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express*, what hope have we of an intelligent democracy? Not much, certainly, in these conditions. But the analysis is altogether inadequate. People read or skim their morning papers, but they increasingly look elsewhere for their opinions. Racing, sport, crime and Society gossip may fill their odd moments, but every year they turn more and more to the weeklies and the few serious dailies for more solid meat. The growth of such movements as the Workers' Educational Association and the response given to serious discussions of public affairs on the wireless—an amazingly rapid and useful development—are proof enough that people are dissatisfied with the guidance given them in the daily press.

The cheap, anti-democratic analysis fails in another way. No one who ever thought about democracy imagined it could survive wholesale commercial exploitation. Democracy is possible only if those who supply expert information are honest and intelligent. We expect professional standards and professional knowledge from doctors, lawyers, soldiers and accountants. Yet, somehow, we demand nothing but commercialism from what is the most important of all professions in a democracy—that of journalism. To permit our daily fare of information, on which we must base many of our decisions about political and social problems, to rest in the hands of persons whose object is commercial and whose expert qualifications are nil is obviously ludicrous. To offer the public what it wants, in the sense of what most flatters or amuses it, is excellent business, but no attitude for a professional person. A doctor who told us what we wanted to be told instead of what was true might for a time attract a large number of patients. Some, no doubt, flourish just in that way. But when we find that we are not recovering from our disease we turn to more honest and efficient practitioners. The first necessity therefore is a revolt of daily journalists themselves against the commercial tyranny which keeps them working, as no other profession works, in order to produce chat which they despise themselves and information which they know to be misleading. When will journalism demand the dignity and independence of a profession?

EMIGRATION AT THE DEAD END

THE migrations of man overseas are for the time being at an end. This is a startling and momentous fact of our epoch. It is not realised by one in a thousand of us; it is ignored by politicians and economists; it is denied, by grotesque implication, in the speeches and circulars of propagandists who constantly preach that it is our duty to encourage emigration to countries which will no longer accept emigrants from Great Britain or anywhere else. Migration was a master fact of western civilisation throughout the nineteenth century and until 1914. During the past decade it has been drastically limited in the entire English-speaking world. In 1931 it has virtually ceased.

For several years before the war the United States had an annual inflow of more than a million immigrants from Europe. In 1924 the quota law fixed the yearly total at roughly 160,000. Since the beginning of the great depression, in 1929, the quota system has been confirmed in a modified form, but immigration has been held up by regulation and executive action of the severest kind. During several months of the present year more people left the United States than were admitted by the immigration authorities, and so long as serious unemployment remains the doors will not be reopened. Canada in 1913 received 450,000 immigrants. In 1930 the number was still considerable—nearly 105,000. But of these only 31,000 went out from Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and they were largely encouraged by the £3 emigrant passage to Quebec. The Canadian total for 1931 will be down to a negligible figure, while the number for Australia (4,291 in 1930) will be a minus quantity. In other words, the stream of British emigrants to the Dominions has latterly been a mere trickle compared with the outward flood of the Victorian age, and the trickle to-day is barely discernible.

The principal facts of this remarkable reverse movement are set forth in the recently published Report of the Overseas Settlement Committee. It deals specifically with the various schemes of assisted emigration in which the Secretary of State and the Dominion Governments have co-operated under the Empire Settlement Act of 1922. The most interesting sections of the Report are those devoted to the family settlement movement which began seven years ago, particularly the Canadian scheme for 3,000 families, inaugurated in 1924 and completed in 1929. Under this admirable project there were settled in Canada a total of 3,346 families. Of these 846 withdrew for various reasons, 171 families coming back from Canada. The remainder—2,500 families—were settled on farms in the Dominion. The plan resulted in the immigration to Canada of 18,074 selected British people, adults and juveniles, at a cost to the British Exchequer of £750,000. The average amount of capital per family was £64. The province of New Brunswick has had a separate scheme for the settlement of 500 families within its borders. This has comprised 304 families so far, while another 200 families have been provided for under the joint Canadian Pacific and Hudson's Bay settlement scheme. The corresponding enterprises of Australia were carried out chiefly under the Commonwealth Loan and Migration Agreement, and involved a total expenditure of £8,750,000. Western Australia affords the most interesting example of group settlement on the modern plan. It comprises 1,730 farm-holdings, with 1,074 migrant families. Recently, Australia, even more decisively than Canada, has put a check upon immigration. The fall of commodity prices has, of course, been calamitous for the Commonwealth. It is estimated to have brought a contraction in the national income of more than 40 per cent., so that the complete ban upon assisted immigration by the Scullin Government is not difficult to understand. New Zealand, which in 1930 received only 1,308 British immigrants, has suffered similarly in the depression and is, of necessity, no less strict in its system of control and refusal.

It is to be noted, moreover, that the restrictions are now being applied to three special classes of emigrants which hitherto have been treated by the Dominions as the most desirable or, at any rate, the most needed at the present stage and more easily assimilated than any other. These are single young men, young women going out to domestic service (commonly thought of as an indispensable migrant class), and boys and girls in their teens dispatched by various religious and philanthropic societies. The demand in the Dominions for domestic workers, strangely enough, is officially stated to have been suspended, while, it would appear, such institutions as the Barnardo Homes (which have worked out a careful system of training and supervision for their emigrant lads and girls) find themselves gravely hampered by the precision with which the Australian and other immigration authorities interpret their Governments' embargo on restricted immigration. Still worse, perhaps, for the British overseas settlement agencies, is the present hostility of the Canadian Government as regards the young men. At the time of the miner-harvester experiment three years ago, single men were regarded in some quarters as the best of all migrants. To-day, emphatically, they are not wanted. In 1930 Canada deported 2,634 persons to Britain. Of these, 1,699 were migrants who had been assisted under Government schemes, many being young men who, unemployed on the farms at the end of the harvest, chose to take advantage of the facilities for repatriation rather than run the risks of a jobless winter in the cities. The result is thoroughly bad all round. It means that in England Canada is being talked about, with anger and disgust, by men who have tried the settler's life and failed badly at it. The Dominions, in other words, are, under existing conditions, and very largely of necessity, pursuing a policy which tells widely and unmistakably to their detriment among the people of Great Britain. Even more serious, in this connection, are the statistics relating to Ireland and America. During the first half of 1931 there were only 476 emigrants from the Free State to the United States, while 1,080, largely young men, returned to Ireland. Add to this the truly ironic circumstance that to-day many hundreds of Irish in America are being kept alive by remittances from their families in the Old Country.

The central point of the situation is stated, though too mildly, in a sentence of the preface to the White Paper: "Not only the Dominions but all countries of immigration, including the United States, have within the past year taken special measures with a view to restricting immigration," and so long as the world depression continues no improvement can be expected. That is the plain fact, but it does not contain half the truth of a most important matter. The United States is engaged in the gigantic task of welding its chaotic elements into a national community. Whatever may happen as to a return of prosperity, the close restriction of immigration will continue. Less and less will the emerging American nation call upon the peoples of Europe for new citizens. The Australian democracy, again, is resolved upon the control of its population. Lord Northcliffe told the Australians that their continent ought to support an additional ten millions. Nothing in the near future is more certain than that Australia will not take one million of Britain's surplus population—or even a quarter of a million. As for Canada, there are two main facts to be kept in mind. The first is that, even in good times, the growing industrialisation of the Dominion does not mean any material addition to immigration from Britain; and the second is that the rural West is now far advanced in a process of revolutionary change. Forty years ago the development of the prairie provinces was entered upon, with unbounded energy and confidence, because it was assumed that the empire of Wheat involved

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This is one side of the picture and it is the stock defence of modern journalism. If it is indeed the business of the newspaper to give the public what it wants and to measure its appetite simply by the test of what sells most readily, then we get the newspapers we deserve and then, incidentally, democracy is a farce which is bound in the not very distant future to give way to some sterner form of government. For the problem of India does not remain stationary while we are on perpetual holiday; the reform of Parliament is not less urgent; the economic catastrophe which threatens us will not be diverted by reassuring phrases; our relationships with Russia will drift to disaster if our knowledge of Communism is confined to the statistics of dumped Russian butter; if a greater effort is not made to explain to the public what issues are really involved in the coming Disarmament Conference, and in the present acute phase of Anglo-German relations, we may again find ourselves some silly-season morning in the situation of August, 1914.

Is this a final condemnation of democracy? That is an easy view which gains ground rapidly to-day. If, it is argued, most people despair of understanding the complexity of modern problems and prefer instead to read the kind of fare provided for them in the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express*, what hope have we of an intelligent democracy? Not much, certainly, in these conditions. But the analysis is altogether inadequate. People read or skim their morning papers, but they increasingly look elsewhere for their opinions. Racing, sport, crime and Society gossip may fill their odd moments, but every year they turn more and more to the weeklies and the few serious dailies for more solid meat. The growth of such movements as the Workers' Educational Association and the response given to serious discussions of public affairs on the wireless—an amazingly rapid and useful development—are proof enough that people are dissatisfied with the guidance given them in the daily press.

The cheap, anti-democratic analysis fails in another way. No one who ever thought about democracy imagined it could survive wholesale commercial exploitation. Democracy is possible only if those who supply expert information are honest and intelligent. We expect professional standards and professional knowledge from doctors, lawyers, soldiers and accountants. Yet, somehow, we demand nothing but commercialism from what is the most important of all professions in a democracy—that of journalism. To permit our daily fare of information, on which we must base many of our decisions about political and social problems, to rest in the hands of persons whose object is commercial and whose expert qualifications are nil is obviously ludicrous. To offer the public what it wants, in the sense of what most flatters or amuses it, is excellent business, but no attitude for a professional person. A doctor who told us what we wanted to be told instead of what was true might for a time attract a large number of patients. Some, no doubt, flourish just in that way. But when we find that we are not recovering from our disease we turn to more honest and efficient practitioners. The first necessity therefore is a revolt of daily journalists themselves against the commercial tyranny which keeps them working, as no other profession works, in order to produce chat which they despise themselves and information which they know to be misleading. When will journalism demand the dignity and independence of a profession?

EMIGRATION AT THE DEAD END

THE migrations of man overseas are for the time being at an end. This is a startling and momentous fact of our epoch. It is not realised by one in a thousand of us; it is ignored by politicians and economists; it is denied, by grotesque implication, in the speeches and circulars of propagandists who constantly preach that it is our duty to encourage emigration to countries which will no longer accept emigrants from Great Britain or anywhere else. Migration was a master fact of western civilisation throughout the nineteenth century and until 1914. During the past decade it has been drastically limited in the entire English-speaking world. In 1931 it has virtually ceased.

For several years before the war the United States had an annual inflow of more than a million immigrants from Europe. In 1924 the quota law fixed the yearly total at roughly 160,000. Since the beginning of the great depression, in 1929, the quota system has been confirmed in a modified form, but immigration has been held up by regulation and executive action of the severest kind. During several months of the present year more people left the United States than were admitted by the immigration authorities, and so long as serious unemployment remains the doors will not be reopened. Canada in 1913 received 450,000 immigrants. In 1930 the number was still considerable—nearly 105,000. But of these only 31,000 went out from Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and they were largely encouraged by the £3 emigrant passage to Quebec. The Canadian total for 1931 will be down to a negligible figure, while the number for Australia (4,291 in 1930) will be a minus quantity. In other words, the stream of British emigrants to the Dominions has latterly been a mere trickle compared with the outward flood of the Victorian age, and the trickle to-day is barely discernible.

The principal facts of this remarkable reverse movement are set forth in the recently published Report of the Overseas Settlement Committee. It deals specifically with the various schemes of assisted emigration in which the Secretary of State and the Dominion Governments have co-operated under the Empire Settlement Act of 1922. The most interesting sections of the Report are those devoted to the family settlement movement which began seven years ago, particularly the Canadian scheme for 3,000 families, inaugurated in 1924 and completed in 1929. Under this admirable project there were settled in Canada a total of 3,346 families. Of these 846 withdrew for various reasons, 171 families coming back from Canada. The remainder—2,500 families—were settled on farms in the Dominion. The plan resulted in the immigration to Canada of 18,074 selected British people, adults and juveniles, at a cost to the British Exchequer of £750,000. The average amount of capital per family was £64. The province of New Brunswick has had a separate scheme for the settlement of 500 families within its borders. This has comprised 304 families so far, while another 200 families have been provided for under the joint Canadian Pacific and Hudson's Bay settlement scheme. The corresponding enterprises of Australia were carried out chiefly under the Commonwealth Loan and Migration Agreement, and involved a total expenditure of £8,750,000. Western Australia affords the most interesting example of group settlement on the modern plan. It comprises 1,730 farm-holdings, with 1,074 migrant families. Recently, Australia, even more decisively than Canada, has put a check upon immigration. The fall of commodity prices has, of course, been calamitous for the Commonwealth. It is estimated to have brought a contraction in the national income of more than 40 per cent., so that the complete ban upon assisted immigration by the Scullin Government is not difficult to understand. New Zealand, which in 1930 received only 1,308 British immigrants, has suffered similarly in the depression and is, of necessity, no less strict in its system of control and refusal.

It is to be noted, moreover, that the restrictions are now being applied to three special classes of emigrants which hitherto have been treated by the Dominions as the most desirable or, at any rate, the most needed at the present stage and more easily assimilated than any other. These are single young men, young women going out to domestic service (commonly thought of as an indispensable migrant class), and boys and girls in their teens dispatched by various religious and philanthropic societies. The demand in the Dominions for domestic workers, strangely enough, is officially stated to have been suspended, while, it would appear, such institutions as the Barnardo Homes (which have worked out a careful system of training and supervision for their emigrant lads and girls) find themselves gravely hampered by the precision with which the Australian and other immigration authorities interpret their Governments' embargo on restricted immigration. Still worse, perhaps, for the British overseas settlement agencies, is the present hostility of the Canadian Government as regards the young men. At the time of the miner-harvester experiment three years ago, single men were regarded in some quarters as the best of all migrants. To-day, emphatically, they are not wanted. In 1930 Canada deported 2,634 persons to Britain. Of these, 1,699 were migrants who had been assisted under Government schemes, many being young men who, unemployed on the farms at the end of the harvest, chose to take advantage of the facilities for repatriation rather than run the risks of a jobless winter in the cities. The result is thoroughly bad all round. It means that in England Canada is being talked about, with anger and disgust, by men who have tried the settler's life and failed badly at it. The Dominions, in other words, are, under existing conditions, and very largely of necessity, pursuing a policy which tells widely and unmistakably to their detriment among the people of Great Britain. Even more serious, in this connection, are the statistics relating to Ireland and America. During the first half of 1931 there were only 476 emigrants from the Free State to the United States, while 1,080, largely young men, returned to Ireland. Add to this the truly ironic circumstance that to-day many hundreds of Irish in America are being kept alive by remittances from their families in the Old Country.

The central point of the situation is stated, though too mildly, in a sentence of the preface to the White Paper: "Not only the Dominions but all countries of immigration, including the United States, have within the past year taken special measures with a view to restricting immigration," and so long as the world depression continues no improvement can be expected. That is the plain fact, but it does not contain half the truth of a most important matter. The United States is engaged in the gigantic task of welding its chaotic elements into a national community. Whatever may happen as to a return of prosperity, the close restriction of immigration will continue. Less and less will the emerging American nation call upon the peoples of Europe for new citizens. The Australian democracy, again, is resolved upon the control of its population. Lord Northcliffe told the Australians that their continent ought to support an additional ten millions. Nothing in the near future is more certain than that Australia will not take one million of Britain's surplus population—or even a quarter of a million. As for Canada, there are two main facts to be kept in mind. The first is that, even in good times, the growing industrialisation of the Dominion does not mean any material addition to immigration from Britain; and the second is that the rural West is now far advanced in a process of revolutionary change. Forty years ago the development of the prairie provinces was entered upon, with unbounded energy and confidence, because it was assumed that the empire of Wheat involved

an advancing West in which a population of twenty millions, or thirty, did not seem an extravagant estimate. Wheat to-day spells something like ruin, while manifestly the huge mechanised farm of to-morrow cannot be the unit of a populous prairie region.

One undeniable conclusion is that the problem of British migration is a problem not for the mother country but for the Dominions. They will decide; they have already decided, and their immigration policy embodies a resolution which will not—at any rate for our generation—be changed. And yet in the face of laws and regulations which have been increasing in rigour for a decade, papers like the *Morning Post* can argue that the emigration figures decline by reason of the dole, while the Archbishop of Canterbury announces that on every hand he sees evidence that the stuff of this ancient folk is not as strong and sturdy as it was.

Look, he says, at the attitude of the English people towards the life of the settler overseas. The *Morning Post* ignores the hard facts of Dominion economics and policy. The Archbishop is talking nonsense. Emigration to the English-speaking lands has ceased, and it has ceased because the doors, once open and welcoming, are now closed and barred.

THE FUTURE OF THE CIVIL SERVICE

THE Report of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service is hardly likely to rank with the great Reports of the past upon this theme. It makes a considerable number of useful recommendations, for the most part of a minor kind. Its general effect is to declare itself satisfied with the broad outlines of the present position, and to see in the present financial position of the country an unanswerable argument against yielding to any of the major service demands. Its chief result is to recommend that, henceforward, and for new entrants, superannuation shall be on a contributory basis. Of the wisdom of this I have no doubt at all. One of the main defects of the present system has been the fact that fear of the loss of pension rights has kept many persons in the Service who have never really felt at home there, and it has made dismissal an instrument too rarely used by heads of departments. There is no reason why the civil servant should not have the same flexibility of position as a university teacher; and the present scheme of superannuation in that position has been productive of nothing but good.

On other matters, little of vital importance emerges. The Commission is divided on all questions relating to the status and pay of women. It gives a guarded blessing to Whitleyism. It approves of the present system of arbitration by a special division of the Industrial Court. It thinks the time has come—I am sure rightly—to resume normal recruitment for those classes in which, up to the present, special preference has been given, with not too happy results, to the ex-service man. It recommends the consolidation of the bonus with existing basic scales at a figure which will largely leave unaltered the present wage-levels in the Service. It desires a more careful attention to the problem of temporary employment, and, at long last, recommends that justice be done in the matter of pensions to a large number of unestablished officials who have mostly been employed for years. The Report comments upon a large number of detailed problems of a minor kind. On the outstanding issue of Post Office reorganisation it merely suggests the appointment of a further body to investigate the question in full detail.

One of the less happy features of the Report is its failure to give reasons for the recommendations it makes. In general, therefore, we have to guess at the mind of the Commission and the grounds for the views it takes. What seems to have dominated its attitude is the expensiveness of large changes, and the fact that, reorganisation having taken place as recently as 1920, it is too early to attempt wholesale changes.

There is much to be said for both these views. But it must be added that the absence of argument does not make the general optimism of the Report especially convincing, the more especially in matters of detail. It is true, for instance, that any serious increase of pay would amount to a large sum. Yet it is also true that the wages of the lower grades, especially among women, are unjustifiably low, and that cases of distress among civil servants are unhappily frequent. It is easy, also, to be satisfied in general terms with Whitleyism; yet it is again important that the exclusion of the higher grades from its ambit deprives the staff side of invaluable counsel. Treasury control, as a general principle, is certainly inescapable; but no one who knows the Service from within will doubt that, especially in matters like promotion, it tends to be indefensibly rigid. The Industrial Court, as the Commission says, does its work well in general; no praise, in particular, for the patience and insight of its President, Sir Harold Morris, could be too high. Yet it is not improbable that an inquiry from the Court itself would elicit the view that it cannot do full justice to its task so long as grading remains in the hands of the Treasury; and the mere *ipse dixit* of the Commission that the present limitation should continue does not of itself carry conviction. It is, again, easy to express satisfaction with the result of the "interview" in recruitment. Yet one doubts whether any experienced examiner would be prepared, on a fifteen-minute talk, to grade a candidate with any precision on a scale of three hundred marks—twenty-five per cent. of the total. Everyone who has taught candidates for the entrance examinations to the Service knows of results which are quite inexplicable. Nor can one remain happy at the proposed continuance of scales for Government scientists which are unlikely to attract into the Service any except the men who are not quite good enough for the prizes of their profession. In all these matters, as in many others, the tenor of the Report is a timidity cautious to the point of being painful; and the absence of grounds for the views taken does not give the reader confidence.

The Report, moreover, is notable for some striking omissions. Practically nothing is said of the Foreign Office and its special conditions. It still remains rather notably a class preserve, and, in this regard, nothing really effective has been done to meet the strictures of the MacDonnell Report as they have been implemented by Mr. Nightingale's remarkable study of the personnel of the department. Nor is the Report at all helpful on the question of Trade Unionism in the Civil Service. Yet this is really vital to the whole problem of Whitleyism on the one side and to conditions of Service life upon the other. It is, too, disappointing that no serious steps are recommended to bring appointments on the legal side of government within the ambit of the normal machinery of recruitment; this remains, as in the past, an unhappy example of the pre-Trevelyan type of patronage.

In a brief note the Commission recommends the creation of a small staff within the Treasury to provide "for the continuous overhaul of the machinery of government." The idea is admirable. But if it is to effect its purpose it would be wholly unwise to organise it in the manner suggested by the Commission. What, rather, is needed is a body in which the outsider, as well as the civil servant, is able to bring his mind to bear on these questions. The Service needs men acquainted with business experience and foreign methods. And such a body might well consider problems like the relation of the Civil Service to the public, of the technique of intelligence-work and research, as well as matters concerned with office machinery and the like. The Civil Service is likely to play so much larger a part in the

future than in the past, that it is, above all, on matters of fundamental principle that inquiry is needed.

This, indeed, is the real weakness of the Report. Instead of bringing into the full light of discussion the grave question of where the Civil Service should stand in the modern State, it has broadly assumed the existing framework and tinkered with its details. It was not in that fashion that Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote made a seminal contribution to the technique of modern government. Nor was cautious timidity the reason why the MacDonnell Report is quoted with reverence by students of government all over the world. Lord Tomlin and his colleagues had a great opportunity. I regret that they have not taken fuller advantage of it.

H. J. LASKI.

YOUTH HOSTELS AND HIKING

IT was bound to come. The *Jugendherbergen* have excited the admiration and envy of so many English walkers in Germany that the establishment of similar hostels in this country has been only a matter of time.

The first tentative efforts were made some five or six years ago when the Scottish Young Men's Holiday Fellowship organised chains of crude shelters in huts and farms and institutes at intervals of fifteen and twenty miles through the Highlands and along the Border. A few similar lodges were opened in Northumberland, and a Liverpool committee began a thorough survey of sites in North Wales. But it was not till last year, when the National Council of Social Service called together representatives of various interested organisations, that any successful attempt was made to set up a national body comparable to the *Reichsverband für Deutsche Jugendherbergen*, and only in 1931 can the movement be said to have established itself. This has been its first season.

There is no need to describe again the German movement on which the Youth Hostels Association is modelled. Its 3,000 hostels available for a few pence a night, its tradition of good-fellowship and discipline, its power as an educational force—these are things of which most English people are aware. They are the product of twenty years of growth. One ought not, therefore, to expect too much from the Y.H.A. in its first year. Its record is none the less impressive. Regional Councils actively at work in more than a dozen districts, some sixty hostels actually open with over a thousand beds ready for use at a shilling a night, battalions of volunteers scouring the countryside along selected routes searching out suitable premises and helping to convert and equip them when found—that is the measure of its achievement to date.

The German visitor can now land at Dover, make his way to Canterbury and proceed by early stages along the Pilgrim's Way to Winchester, where he can sleep in the old Water-Mill, which has been lent to the Y.H.A. by the National Trust. Thence he can wander through the New Forest and the Thomas Hardy country until he comes to a chalet on the edge of the National Trust land on Ivythorne Hill, near Glastonbury, which will remind him of one of his own Black Forest hostels. Here he has a choice of routes. He can continue westwards along the Quantocks to hostels at Minehead and Lynton (another chain along the South Devon coast awaits him if he cares), or he can retrace his steps along the Mendips and explore the Cotswolds. Beyond Cheltenham he will find, for this summer, gaps in the chain, but if he continues he will be able to sleep in a hostel next door to Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford. Or, if he prefers, he can cross the Severn and work up the Wye Valley and so connect with the chain of hostels which lead from Birmingham through mid-Wales to the Snowdon district. Hereabouts, in magnificent situations on the mountain-sides, are the hostels set up by the enthusiastic pioneers of Liverpool—substantial buildings, well equipped, where the rambler can obtain meals at absurdly cheap rates. Three thousand single-night visits have been paid to the North Wales hostels already this summer, and there is much exultation on the Mersey at the opening of the latest addition to the chain—a hostel designed by Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, which is the first to be specially erected in this country.

The possibilities open to our German wanderer will not be by any means exhausted here; groups of hostels still await him in the Lake District, in the Peak, and in the Cotswolds, and more are being established every week. The grant of £10,000 made by the Carnegie Trustees will enable the work to be pushed ahead, and by next summer other routes will be available—the South Downs, the Yorkshire coast, Teesdale, the Cheviots and perhaps the Roman Wall. In Scotland, too, the movement progresses, though it seems in some ways unfortunate that the Scots have elected to work independently of the English Association.

The hostels so far established vary considerably in size and equipment; some are crude and some frankly experimental; but they are all governed by the same simple rules and all conducted in the same spirit. Everything is of the plainest, but it is intended that there shall be nothing, however cheap, that is in bad taste. For it has to be stressed that cheap lodgings are being provided not as an end in themselves, but to help young men and women to "a greater knowledge, use, and love of the countryside," and nothing out of keeping with that aim will be tolerated.

There are, it must be admitted, many people who fear that increased use of the countryside means desecration. They may take heart from the support which Professor G. M. Trevelyan and Professor Patrick Abercrombie, not to mention Mr. Williams-Ellis—none of them particularly apathetic on the matter of rural spoliation—are giving to the Youth Hostels movement. The Y.H.A. is being actively helped, too, by the various societies working for the preservation of rural England. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the Y.H.A. will do more to educate the population in habits of reverence towards natural beauty than these societies which exist primarily for that end. It will do this, not simply because of the attitude of its distinguished patrons, but because the men who are doing the spade work of founding the hostels, the men who are using them most intensively in these opening months and setting the tone for them, are men who have been the leading spirits of the various Ramblers' Federations which for years have been fighting to get the beauties of the countryside protected by the law and respected by the citizen. These Ramblers' Federations are not new, any more than rambling is new, but they have grown greatly in numbers and influence in the last half-decade and have developed a sense of responsibility. They have tried to educate both the public and their own members. In Lancashire they have even appointed "Moor Wardens" to combat hooliganism on the moors, and in Dovedale last Whitsun, with an access of optimism, they organised voluntary pickets to reason with those creatures who delight in littering the landscape with their personal refuse. So determined are they not to tolerate unsightliness in any shape or form that the ramblers in North Wales have decided to dispense with coloured signs, for which the Germans show such partiality, pointing the way to their own hostels. There is nothing to be feared but much to be hoped for from youth of this temper.

It is perhaps unfortunate, and likely to prejudice people against the Youth Hostels movement, that its coming should have coincided with the outbreak of "hiking." Bands of young people without previous pretensions to athleticism clothe themselves in garments of extraordinary cut and colour, place stout sticks in their hands, and parade the main roads leading out from our industrial cities. The more determined put rucksacks upon their backs, though they are rarely away from their homes long enough to need

either food or changes of raiment. The more musical carry ukeleles and mouth-organs. Such is "hiking" as it is to be seen in certain districts of the North—an offspring of the exhibitionist complex fathered by the competition for the largest daily net sale. Genuine ramblers regard it with dismay. It is for the most part nothing more than an extension outwards into the surrounding country of the Sunday evening "promenade" which has long been one of the main events in the social week of the younger proletariat. Even as such, it is a move in the right direction. Kinglake observed that the well-behaved housemaids of his day passed their Sabbaths "in a steady and serious contemplation of street scenery." The march of progress has substituted for street scenery the hoardings which decorate our arterial roads. Yet there remains the possibility that a few choice spirits may feel the impulse to adventure beyond the hoardings and perhaps be moved to forsake the herd and the high road altogether for the quiet and pleasant places. The spiritual discovery of the countryside comes to many a city-bred adolescent as the light came to Saul on the way to Damascus. It reveals a new world which the Y.H.A. is going to make possible for the poorest to explore.

ERNEST DYER.

WHAT'S WRONG IN THE PROFESSIONS?

III.—THE ROYAL NAVY.

THERE are several points of view from which one could approach the question "What's wrong with the Royal Navy?"—if indeed anything is wrong with the Senior Service. I will examine the question from three points of view—those of career, function, and its relation to society.

The main thing wrong with the Navy, from the point of view of an officer's career, is that to be a naval officer to-day is to be one of the executives of an unsheltered and depressed industry. It is analogous to being on the staff of a factory making hair-pins. Yet fashions change, and so long as there are disarmament conferences there will be navies. Such conferences are the chief support of navies, for conferences fix maximums, not minimums. If it were not for the Washington Conference there might only be one large navy in the world instead of two-and-a-half, and that expensive abortion, the 10,000-ton cruiser, would never have cumbered the seas.

Personally, having had my war, I'm a pacifist. Like Jurgen I believe in trying every drink once; but one war was enough.

From the point of view of the lower-deck rating, there is nothing wrong with the Navy. The sailor is admirably educated, clothed, paid, housed, fed and pensioned after twenty-two years' service, and if he has made reasonable use of his chances of becoming a skilled technician he can obtain excellent civil employment.

Now let us consider whether there is anything wrong with the Navy from the point of view of its function, which—we might as well be frank—is not to police the seas or go to the rescue when earthquakes destroy coastal towns, or visit Margate during Civic Week, but is to destroy other navies in battle should this action seem desirable to the British Cabinet. The only thing wrong here is lack of money for practising the said business of destroying enemy vessels, and lack of money with which to pay for sufficient new construction to make it quite certain that we should win even if we made mistakes.

Nevertheless, the Navy spends what it gets to great advantage, and leads the world in excellence of submarine warfare and in naval air-work. The British Admiralty has its defects, but is no worse and a good deal more cunning than other Government Departments. It never knows when it is defeated; nor does the Treasury, and in this age-old battle My Lords on either side are worthy antagonists.

Considering that the Navy exists for war and that war has been renounced by all Powers, I must honestly say that I believe our Navy is more efficient and ready to do something we have all promised not to do than are the navies of the other powers whose promises we don't believe.

When I joined Osborne Naval College in 1906, my attention was drawn to a large inscription in brass lettering which ran:

"THERE IS NOTHING THE NAVY CANNOT DO."

A slight exaggeration, because it failed to make me believe that Admirals could never make mistakes, which was a doctrine of some importance from 1914 to 1918. Nevertheless it would, I think, be fair to modify it and write:

"THERE IS ALMOST NOTHING THE NAVY CANNOT DO."

One of the things it can do is to create a body of men who, though not priests, are passionately devoted to the ideals of service—with this qualification, that to the naval officer "service" is not an ideal. He is too normal, too narrowly educated a man to be other than suspicious of ideals openly expressed, whatever may be taking place in the silent and secret places of his heart. To the N.O. (short for naval officer) the conception of service is not an ideal; it is the ordinary way of living one's life.

This brings me to the third and last point of view from which I propose to answer this question "What's wrong with the Navy?"—the point of view of its relation to society.

This is the most important point of view, for society is greater than the wars which are fought to save it from—Heaven knows what! Here I think there is something tremendously wrong; there is to me a staggering paradox about which I feel very strongly. I have even written a play about it (*B.J. One*) which was produced and lost some money. In the Navy the N.O. takes it for granted that everything he does must be judged by the test: "Is it for the good of the Service?" He takes it for granted that an officer's first thought must be for his men; that no one has any business to talk about rights until duties have been faithfully performed. "Do your duty and your rights (if any) will look after themselves." The Service and the ship belong to him and he belongs to them. In a sentence the naval officer takes it for granted that the law of progress is co-operation rather than selfish competition. I say selfish competition because competition as a means to the end of co-operation is immensely strong in the Navy. Ships compete at battle-practice in order to make a more battle-worthy fleet.

Let the reader now suppose that this strange outlook on life could become the outlook on life of the average director, the Trade Union leader, and the politician. I submit that half our social problems would disappear overnight. It was a long-dead naval officer—one Francis Drake by name—who said to his men on his voyage round the world: "I must have the gentlemen to haul and draw with the mariners and the mariners with the gentlemen . . . Let us show ourselves to be one company."

Now the Navy and the naval officer are the servants and a part of society, and it seems to me paradoxical that in the servant's way of life should lie the salvation of his master. We may deplore the existence of armaments, but the spirit of service which runs like life-blood through the fighting forces is the most priceless national asset we possess. At present its existence is hardly appreciated and no attempt is made to exploit it for the benefit of the peace life of the whole community. To explain how it should be made use of for the whole community would require an allowance of space not available at the tail end of this article.

STEPHEN KING-HALL.

SPLITTING THE ATOM

(Reflections on the break-up of the New Party)

MY knowledge of the facts is crude,
Yet I accept with due humility
The scientific certitude
Of infinite divisibility.
Since even atoms can be split,
I cannot wonder much to see
Parties, however closely knit,
Divide themselves by two or three.

Nor will it irk the pensive mind
To watch the new disruptive leaven
Assail that little group designed
To murmur proudly, " We are Seven " ;
For seven parts make up their whole,
And each is driven, as it seems,
By India, Russia, and the Dole,
To contradictory extremes.

Nay, should the Seven to One subside,
On unity's cross-bench he'll perch ill ;
In some things redder than the Clyde,
On others he'll die hard with Churchill.
We still shall see without surprise
The clash of two inveterate foes—
Sir Oswald voting with the " Ayes,"
And Comrade Mosley with the " Noes."

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

PROSPEROUS AGRICULTURE : SUFFERING FARMERS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—*Statesman-Nation* readers are indebted for a helpful and illuminating article just as a certain Report of a Joint Committee on Agricultural Policy is unblushingly and whole-hoggedly proposing a duty upon almost every item of British food product. You remind us, most pertinently, that " it is wrong to write of farming as though all farming were arable." Although wheat is, to an important degree, a pivotal product, the fact that it is but four per cent. of the whole needs always to be borne in mind.

So long as it is possible to say as " a sober statement of fact " that, outside the comparatively small corn areas, agriculture " is to-day generally prosperous throughout the country " ; that fortunes are being made from poultry ; that there is good profit in pig-keeping and in other directions ; and that " the clever man whose mind is elastic and who has taken advantage of the opportunities that have been placed in his way during the past few years by Conservative and Labour Governments alike . . . lives and even thrives " ; the citizen needs to be acutely aware of the speciousness of the case that is written up, not with wheat as four per cent. of the total, but " as though all farming were arable."

Have you not, rather, put your finger upon the crux of the case in reminding us that : " The fault lies with the industry as a whole. It will not combine. It resents all interference, lives in the constant state of wanting something for nothing, and is represented officially by as ineffective a body of men as it could possibly collect in the backwoods of any industry " ?

What agriculture needs first and foremost is the effective help (amounting to general control) of its own best brains. A guaranteed price for wheat may yet prove to be sound policy, but what prevents, for instance, the conversion of cheap grain into paying-price bacon ? Last year's import of bacon just about equalled in value the import of wheat. That 42,000,000 pounds' worth of bacon could be produced in this country, but the job cannot be left to any chance or haphazard. Put it into the right hands with the right scope and in three years every grain-growing farm in the country could be feeding its own bacon hogs of proper breed. Put, again, the job of marketing into the right hands and in the same period the hog-raiser could be having his proper share of the reasonable price paid by the properly handled retail market.

That is but typical of what could be done with other meats, with milk, eggs, vegetables, fruit, and every other farm product. The nation can and must choose whether it will have a three-year *plan* or a three-decade or three-generation fumbling and groping into a common-sense organisation of its food supply.

Planning, to be equitable as well as effective and in our time, demands co-ordination of the industry, subordination of small proprietorship, and the best farming and marketing brains in command in parish, district, county, and (courage, brother) in Whitehall.—Yours, etc.,

JESSE HAWKES.

Hemel Hempstead.

WHAT IS A LIBERAL?

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—One would have thought that Liberalism would demand even more than Mr. Paul Trent suggests. " The greatest liberty of the greatest number " expresses the ideal which is at the very heart of this long-forgotten political creed, and the Liberal attitude towards the Sunday question would surely be : a man shall have the liberty to spend Sunday in what way he pleases, provided always that his actions do not interfere with the liberty of others.

The playing of games and opening of theatres and cinemas on Sundays do not interfere with the liberty of church-goers ; nor does the opening of churches interfere with the liberty of those who do not wish to attend. Therefore Liberalism would permit both and would impose only such restrictions as might be required to safeguard the liberty, for example, of workers—as park-keepers, church caretakers, cinema attendants and tram-drivers.

The present position of the Liberal Party is perhaps due more to its practically complete divorce from Liberalism than to any other factor. In the last century the important public opinion known loosely as " nonconformist " made use of Liberalism to achieve liberty for itself, and in so doing created a powerful Liberal Party. To-day, however, those who still designate themselves Liberals are to be found opposing Liberalism because it now would extend liberty in directions to which they are antagonistic. They are in no way true Liberals.

The Party is a well-constructed and serviceable wagon that is embedded in the mud by the roadside because it has become unhitched from its star. Parties cannot live by programmes alone : they must have some high ideal, some great principle upon which to base all their actions, something to give them cohesion, direction and purpose. The Liberal Party can recover if it will, in every sense, become the champion of liberty. If it will not—and perhaps it would be too great a change for those who now represent it—let us hope that from somewhere a new Liberalism will arise to fight for liberty. The people of the world are in great need of such a champion.—Yours, etc.,

Oak Cottage, Hale Road, Hale, Cheshire.

ARNOLD MARSH.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE MEDICAL PROFESSION ?

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The great vice of all professions is their tendency to defend their habitual and traditional methods in spite of new evidence and new requirements. In the case of Medicine this is a matter of life and death. May I call your attention to two examples based on my personal experience ?

The late Dr. Robert Bell made the statement that, in the course of his long experience, he had never known a case of cancer which had not a history of constipation. When this statement was put to Sir George Newman he admitted that the defilement of the blood stream through constipation might be a cause of cancer, not only of the bowels but in any part of the system, and expressed his personal willingness that this suggestion should be studied by the Medical Research Council. But I was subsequently informed that Sir George's colleagues objected, and nothing seems to have been done.

Secondly, may I point out how grave is the responsibility incurred by the Ministry of Health in withholding for so long the report of the Andrews Commission on Encephalitis following vaccination, presented in May, 1925 ? The fact that encephalitis is, in some cases, the result of vaccination is authoritatively admitted in that report, and since its publication the Ministry has issued instructions as to methods of vaccination designed to lessen the risks of encephalitis. But, in spite of the new methods, children continue to die as a result of vaccination. The case of

the deaths from encephalitis, in May of this year, of *both* the twin children of Mr. and Mrs. Furniss, of Wigston, Leicester, within little more than a fortnight of their vaccination is an indisputable example, and one might cite many other examples of the danger of forcing this filthy operation upon English parents. Some day, no doubt, doctors will admit that they are wrong. Meanwhile, many children may be dead.—Yours, etc.,

105, St. James' Road, S.W.17. OSWALD EARP.

THE THRILL OF NAKEDNESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—During the last ten years all the world has fixed its eyes on the political life of Germany, but very few will have noticed a social movement fraught with far deeper significance and more epoch-making results than the ephemeral structures of financiers and politicians! Behind the scenes, away from the footlights, a social revolution has been carried through in Germany which must inevitably result in the liberation of the whole human race from a bondage and a curse that has existed for thousands of years!

At long last, the lesson of the first chapter of Genesis is being perceived, and the fear and false shame of nakedness is being banished from the mentality of mankind, and the purification of society is being tackled at the source. There are now scores of societies, all over Germany, of people who gather together for games and sports of all kinds in the open air, in a state of complete nakedness; of people who have finished with the "shades of the charnel-house" that gather round the growing boy, who have abandoned the "impure hush" about all matters relating to sex, and who regard such things with that cleanliness which simple natural facts and processes demand.

This is the only *real* "Purity" movement of the many that have been attempted throughout the centuries, and the way in which it does purify can only be learnt from a visit to a *Gelände* and a sight of hundreds of men and women, parents and children, in blissful freedom. The effect of such a visit cannot possibly be described—it must be experienced to be known! It acts, with many people, like immersion in a bath of disinfectant, from which one emerges with all sorts of subtle mental and spiritual poisons washed completely away! One is ashamed of one's own coverings, in the presence of these pure creatures, and ashamed of all the troop of hidden thoughts that suddenly appear from the dark caverns of the mind, but which mercifully vanish as soon as they emerge into such a blessed atmosphere! The physical value of fresh air and sunlight is a matter of fairly general knowledge, but the mental and spiritual benefit is beyond all imagination.

The movement grows daily and can never look back, and it must count as Germany's greatest contribution to the cause of human progress (not excluding the Theory of Relativity!) A recent congress in Berlin was attended by over 3,000 members of societies from all over Germany! A stage performance by 300 gymnasts from a nudity school was witnessed by an audience of town councillors and other dignitaries and their wives, who were inevitably converted on the spot! There is no ground for an opponent to stand on! An opponent discloses himself as the victim of an obscene obsession, and shows, by his attitude, that he cannot think of the naked human form without immediate thought of sexual activity! But he can be cured, let me repeat, by a visit to a camp where hundreds of men and women, parents and their children, have attained to purity, and where his own view of existence will undergo a complete transformation as by a miracle.

Having discovered these very Gardens of Eden, I naturally felt a deep desire to tell my own countrymen of them in simple, fitting language, but I am delighted to find that I have been relieved of that task by Frances and Mason Merrill, who have done the work to perfection, and whose recently published book, *Among the Nudists*, will serve a profound educational purpose throughout the whole English-speaking world. I cannot but feel that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, a journal associated with progress and reform, will be delighted to hear of this great movement and to give the thrilling news to its readers!—Yours; etc.,

104, Oxford Gardens, W.10. ARTHUR HIRST.

THE FASCIST TERROR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I venture a few belated comments on the critical correspondence that has arisen out of my article on "The Fascist Terror" in your issue of June 27th? Owing to absence from England, I have only just been acquainted with Professor Toynbee's letter in your issue of July 11th, and Commendatore Villari's reply to Professor Graham Wallas in your issue of July 18th.

Professor Toynbee acknowledges that he has only spent a fortnight in Rome, and that it is his first visit to Italy since the advent of Fascism. May I confess that I shared Professor Toynbee's vague admiration for the Fascist regime after my first six months' residence under its rule, but it took me four years' residence in Rome and in the towns and villages of Italy to revise my initial judgments concerning the authority, the popularity, and the efficiency of the Blackshirts? That is no reason why others should be similarly converted, but nevertheless I should enjoy meeting the Professor after he had been through the similar (and by no means unpleasant) experience of a prolonged stay in that country.

Commendatore Villari is so well acquainted with Italian affairs that I am surprised he should quote a British journal in order to support such a sweeping mis-statement as "relegation to the islands has been abolished under the new Code." May I refer him directly to the text of the new Italian Penal Code? In Article 233 the following preventative measure is introduced: "The magistrate, while recognising the innocence of the accused, may none the less designate him as a danger to society and may penalise him by forbidding his sojourn in any given locality," and, should the accused not conform with the sentence, he may be condemned (Art. 231) to live in confinement (literally *colonia* i.e., a group of people).

If Commendatore Villari examines Zanardelli's Code, which has been used in Italy from 1882 until to-day, he will find no mention of Confino. The new Fascist masterpiece has therefore introduced, and not abolished, the penalty.

Moreover the Law of Public Safety of November 6th, 1926 (with which, by the way, our D.O.R.A. of war-days can hardly vie in severity), is still in force in Italy. The *Corriere della Sera*, on June 21st, printed a summary of the revised law in which, of course, the Confino remains the customary penalty for any political thought or activity other than Fascist.

A word about the procedure by which non-Fascists are sent to Confino. A. is arrested, taken to the local prison and kept there without knowing what the charge against him is. After days or weeks he is brought before the "Commissione per il Confino." Each county has one of these. His judges are (1) an officer of the Carabineers, (2) an officer of the Fascist militia, who is usually the local Fascist Federal Secretary, (3) the Prefect of Police of the County, and (4) a Public Prosecutor (in Italy, a civil servant). The sittings of this commission are strictly private. Sometimes the accused is not even questioned, and he usually gets his sentence on a sheet of typewritten paper. He may have counsel for defence, but I have never heard of anyone who asked for it, for the reason that it is probably no use. Appeal against the sentence can only be made direct to Mussolini. By no stretch of the imagination can this be called a trial in the accepted sense of the word.

Commendatore Villari calls it "trial by a different procedure," and here, as on many other points, the quibble about words seems irrelevant since the spirit of these measures is evident. If you approve of the measures, it seems unjust to try to make them conform to the ideas of those against whom they are directed.—Yours, etc. YOUR CORRESPONDENT LATELY IN ITALY.

CHARING CROSS BRIDGE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—With reference to your editorial on the decision of the L.C.C. to seek Parliamentary sanction to Plan No. 6, may I remark that the point on which the Advisory Committee were unanimous was in preferring Plan No. 6 to Plan No. 4? For Plan No. 6, on its own merits, the Chairman was able to obtain only 10 votes, including his own, out of a Committee of 17. (See Sir Percy Simmons' speech, L.C.C., July 21st.)

It is a matter for regret that the recommendations of the Advisory Committee have carried very little conviction to the well-informed. This may be, in part, due to its unbalanced composition. Here was an improvement scheme to provide a road bridge for road traffic and for which 75 per cent. of the cost is to be sought from the taxation paid by motorists. No representative of any Road, Motoring or Traffic Organisation, was included. The 17 members consisted of 6 representatives of

local authorities, 5 railway directors and railway engineers, 5 architects and surveyors and a legal chairman.

Your readers may be further reminded that the L.C.C. itself is not a Traffic authority. It has no traffic experts, other than tramway experts, upon its staff. The Police, who are the Traffic authority for London, were not represented upon the Advisory Committee.

You suggest that Parliament will probably accept the recommendation in order that work may be started during the slump. It is one of the features of this scheme that its adoption, so far from increasing work, may diminish it. It will cost over 12 millions, of which about 75 per cent. is to be spent in the purchase of property and easements and in compensation, and only 25 per cent. on work and materials. If the work carried out by the railways themselves is included, even then the amount spent on work and materials would be under 50 per cent.

Now the sum that can be spent on road work in and near London is limited, and if 12 millions is spent on this scheme it will not be available for work such as new approach roads to London and suburban widenings, where the percentages are reversed—75 per cent. on labour and materials, and 25 per cent. on properties and compensations.

As the Minister of Transport indicated in Parliament on 24th July, there are very serious considerations to be weighed before contributing 9 millions of national taxation to this essentially local improvement. All those interested in the development and transport problems of London will sympathise with Mr. Morrison in the difficult decision he has to make.—Yours, etc.,

The Roads Improvement Association, W. REES JEFFREYS.
180, Clapham Road, S.W.9.
28th July.

ARCHITECTS WE DESERVE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—We must all agree with your reviewer that architecture is the most social art, and that we have therefore, almost necessarily, the architects we deserve. But let us be just to some of the "prosperous practitioners" who incur Mr. Raymond Mortimer's scorn. The architect who has to manipulate the modern factory system in the erection of extravagant banks, or of palatial hotels for bankers and other people who remain proudly (and rather mysteriously) superior to all trade slumps, is working under conditions very different from those under which an architect, say, of the early Renaissance, employed a hundred or so highly skilled craftsmen in the service of some more distinguished tyrant. But, if the different conditions are taken into account, it seems to me that our living architects, and especially those who are most loath to throw over the traditions of their art, will compare very well with those of any earlier period. To blame them for lack of originality because they experiment in styles of the past is no more sensible than it would be to prefer a similar charge against Keats because he adopted the forms of Pope, Spenser, and Milton for his *Endymion*, *Odes*, and *Hyperion* respectively. Mr. Chesterton once made the immortal remark that free verse is as like to poetry as sleeping in a ditch is to architecture; and it would be interesting to know more exactly what moderns of literary genius they are whom our architects should attempt to emulate.

Our architecture, like our literature and all our other major and minor arts, suffers from a state of society the economic basis of which is becoming every day more palpably absurd and dangerous. But the architect is very much less to be blamed than the man of literary genius if he does not regard the reconstruction of society as exactly his job.—Yours, etc.

25 Bridge Street, A. ROMNEY GREEN.
Christchurch.

HOUSING POLICY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—No one with knowledge of "East-Enders" anywhere would think of denying that they are well worth helping, nor is there room for controversy as to the benefits conferred on the poor citizens in Bethnal Green who have been housed by the Bethnal Green Housing Association. By the time, however, that such a veteran housing campaigner as Mr. Rowe, of Kensington, suggests that the local authorities of that quite wealthy borough must come to the rescue of such excellent private efforts as those associated with his name, there is much room to think that these small utility societies are condemned—mainly by sheer lack of money—to work on a scale so small as not to be worth while. The fate that has overtaken the private efforts to deal with the notorious Pulford Street area in Westminster, which is now in course of being taken over by the L.C.C., shows how impracticable the whole idea of the utility society is—except, of course, on the footing that it is guaranteed by the local authority with the rates at its back.

The Bethnal Green Association should rather seek to hand over its whole enterprise and goodwill to the local authority and in this practical way to co-operate with it.

The local authority in turn will need to rely largely on the L.C.C.

I have watched the cause of the Bethnal Green Association since its inception, and nothing is farther from my wish than to detract from its benevolent intentions. Its task is, however, utterly beyond it.—Yours, etc., G. W. CURRIE.

83 Cadogan Place, S.W.1.

CINEMAS AND CHARITY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Why should Sunday cinemas be compelled, as is proposed in the Sunday Performances (Regulation) Bill now before the Standing Committee, to give a percentage of their takings to charity?

The London exhibitors have already voluntarily agreed to give a percentage to London charities. If we are not going to leave it at that, are other Sunday caterers, such as the railways, the public-houses, the boat-hirers, the bus and motor coach companies and the tea shops, to be forced to give a contribution to charity, too? There is no logical reason why they should not be compelled to follow suit, which would be absurd.—Yours, etc.,

The British Star Club, W.12. CECIL A. KITSON.

Miscellany

THE REVEREND NICHOLAS SHEEHY

IN the early months of 1762 the Earl of Drogheda marched into Tipperary at the head of a fairly considerable force, and fixed his headquarters at the small town of Clogheen. His instructions were to put down the Whiteboys, Catholic peasants who were terrorising the countryside of Munster. In Clogheen his task appeared simple enough. Sir Thomas Maude, John Bagwell of Kilmore, William Bagnell, and other prominent Protestant landlords unanimously informed the Earl that Nicholas Sheehy, the parish priest, was the ringleader. He at once arrested him, and inquired into his activities. It was difficult to prove an actual crime against him; it appeared rather that a spirit of insolence was his real offence. He had informed his flock that the demand of the Protestant tithe-farmers for five shillings' fine for every Catholic marriage celebrated was an illegal and impudent request. He had resisted the attempts to enclose the common lands—he had probably supervised the pulling up of posts and fences with which Maude and the Rosses had marked their claims. But none of this was high treason, and Sheehy was set free; though life in Clogheen was rapidly made so unpleasant for him that he retired to the mountains.

About the same time, John Bridge, an informer, disappeared. Some said that he had gone to Newfoundland, and there were many who believed this to the end. But more generally it was believed that there was only one reason why informers disappeared, and the High Sheriff of Tipperary issued a notice saying that Bridge was "believed to have been murthered," and offering a reward of £50 for the apprehension of anyone who had done "the said act."

Sir Thomas Maude and Sheehy's other enemies secured the issue of a proclamation offering £300 for Sheehy's arrest on the ground that he had absconded. No sooner did the priest hear of this than he wrote an indignant letter to the Chief Secretary at Dublin Castle, saying that he

would immediately surrender if he might be tried in Dublin, and not in Clogheen where his personal enemies were all-powerful and could refuse him justice. Hard on his letter he came down from the hills and surrendered himself to an eminent lawyer, Cornelius O'Callaghan, who drove with him to Dublin. It was not till 1765 that his case was tried, but when it came on its result was just what he had expected. The witnesses brought up from Tipperary collapsed under cross-examination, and after fourteen hours' hearing he was acquitted.

No sooner had the decision been announced than the Lord Chief Justice held up his hand for silence and spoke again. He regretted to have to say it, but he had been informed that there was a warrant out against Mr. Sheehy for the murder of John Bridge. The defendant must be taken down to Clonmel, in Tipperary, for trial. Sheehy attempted to protest that this was a trick, but he was silenced by the Court officials. He was bound on to a horse's back, his hands behind his back and his feet tied between its legs, and jolted down to Clonmel like a sack.

The Tipperary Court sat at Clonmel on March 12th, 1766, and prominent on the jury were the eager faces of Sir Thomas Maude, John Bagnell and others. The witnesses who had failed in Dublin were given another chance. John Toohy, in a good suit and with a good presence, swore that he was a horse-dealer; that he had been present at a meeting of Whiteboys and had watched Sheehy supervise the killing of John Bridge with a billhook. The jury were not told that Toohy was a horse-thief whose clothes had been bought for him by the prosecution. His manner was impressive—indeed, so impressive that he was used regularly henceforward by the Crown. (He was almost kept as a professional witness in the Oriental manner, till in 1768 an indignant judge ordered him never to enter Court again, on penalty of being seized as a perjurer.) Next came John Lonnergan, a small boy, in a long coat which it was hoped would make him look sixteen years old. He swore to the same effect. Then came a new witness. "Call Mary Brady." Sheehy recognised the woman who came forward; to him she was Mary Dunlea, a woman whose loose life had disturbed the whole of his parish of Shandraghan. The same naturally autocratic spirit that had led him to defy the landlords had made him stand up in the church of Shandraghan and denounce Mary Dunlea to her face in set Biblical terms that left no doubt as to her offence. His flock was his to chastise as well as protect. Now she was coming for her revenge. She swore she had seen the body taken to burial; she had seen the prisoner attempt to strike the corpse; yes, and he said what had been done was very right. "And he said"—worst insult—"it was a pity that all rogues and whores were not used like that."

Sheehy's calm confidence was such that he had declined to gather witnesses to character. He took but two, Messrs. Keating and Herbert, respectable Catholic gentlemen, the first of whom was also able to prove his movements on the night in question. As an ordained priest should in such a case, he also asked his bishop, the Right Reverend Dr. Egan, to give formal testimony. Here he had his first rebuff. Egan was servile to the Government, and a close friend of many members of the aristocracy. The request alarmed him; he at first avoided answering and then replied that the date was inconvenient. Sheehy therefore called his friend, Mr. Keating. The moment he did this a Protestant clergyman, named Hewetson, stood up in Court. "I happen to remember," he cried with a triumphant roar, "that this man Keating's name is on a list of men wanted for crime in Kilkenny." Keating was seized, loaded with irons in Court, and taken to Kilkenny, while some poorer Catholics who were standing ready to testify for Sheehy left the Court in terror. When Keating was tried in Kilkenny the charge was found to be trivial, and was dismissed. But by then Sheehy's case was over. The jury had listened with ill-concealed impatience to the few witnesses he had mustered and had quickly and cheerfully found him guilty of high treason. The execution was fixed for three days later.

Sheehy had been upheld by a piece of knowledge which his professional honour forbade him to reveal. During the whole of the trial he had been at ease because he knew the name of the real murderer. The guilty man had confessed to him, but it never occurred to Father Sheehy that it was even conceivable to use the secrets of the confessional to save his own life. Only now, to prevent further persecutions, did he feel it permissible to send a statement to the chief of the Dublin police (he would say no word to the Clonmel ruffians) which conveyed the truth in general terms. "Dear Sir," he wrote, "To-morrow I am to be executed thanks be to Almighty God, with whom I hope to be for ever more: I would not change my lot with the highest now in the kingdom. I die innocent of the facts for which I am sentenced. The Lord have mercy on my soul. Of the fact I have been informed, but in such a way that I cannot make use of it for my own preservation; the fact is that John Bridge was destroyed by two alone, who strangled him on the 24th October, 1764. In the discharge of my duty one accused himself of the fact. . . . May God forgive the witnesses and bless them, you, and all mankind, are the earnest and fervent prayers of, Dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant, NICHOLAS SHEEHY." The name of the man who confessed later became known—it was Mahony, better known by two Irish words signifying "wicked Michael."

They took Sheehy and hanged him, drew and quartered him. His head was stuck on a spike on the gate of Clonmel Old Jail, where it mouldered for twenty years. The pieces of his body were returned to his parishioners, who took them in a melancholy procession through the town and out to Shandraghan. As they passed Dr. Egan's house they made no spoken protest, but the cortege swung round, formed a half circle, and silently smeared upon the bishop's door-post some of the blood of the priest whom he had deserted. Sheehy's body was buried in the churchyard at Shandraghan. A hundred years later, when Shandraghan Church was a ruin, there was one path trodden among the high grass and nettles; it led to Father Sheehy's grave and was kept clear by the feet of incessant pilgrims.

But with the burial his story was not ended. Not a Catholic in Clonmel but saw in the extraordinary procession of events that followed the operation of Divine wrath. Every member of the jury which convicted Sheehy was struck down within the next few years by some terrible fate, in a manner which recalled the savagest passages of the Old Testament. There was one man alone, by name Dunmead, who died peacefully in his bed, unvisited by calamity.

One, named Tuthill, cut his own throat. Another, Dumville, was thrown from his horse and his face torn off. Another, Minchin, was to be seen begging at the street corners. The list goes on: Alexander Hoops was drowned, Shaw was choked, Ferris died mad. The last survivor was shot accidentally at a meet by a distant relative of Sheehy. Another was found dead in a privy. Another, returning from a sporting excursion one day stood for a moment at his own front door, tried to speak, and dropped down dead, from causes which were never known.

Sir Thomas Maude was seized by a disease which affected his reason; he became violent in his ravings, in which the name of Sheehy continually recurred. It was reported outside that his attendants were afraid to approach him; he died howling. John Bagwell of Kilmore, the greediest of Sheehy's enemies, became the victim of "a state of fatuity." His estate fell to pieces, and one of the last pieces of information that his failing brain received was the news that his eldest son, fleeing from Ireland, had blown out his brains aboard the packet crossing to England.

R. W. POSTGATE.

FROM A TRAIN

SUNQUICK and gloom,
The engine's windy wake,
Hillsweep unfreckled as a frosty peach,
Rock-torrid ploughland, river's lace,
Rich grass pollened with buttercup,
Elm-terraces
Broidering purl on purl,
A station jagged and flown
Like a leaf torn from a book,
The stretch of plain, on, on
—So many things pass by—
All a landscape spinning on a wheel
Below a tranquil sky.

G. W. STONIER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Contemporary Music

The first of the two concerts given at the Queen's Hall by the International Society for Contemporary Music had the advantage of the assistance of the B.B.C. orchestra, which played splendidly in some of its rather exacting tasks. The word "some" is used deliberately, for there was nothing exacting in the item by which America was represented at this International Festival, namely George Gershwin's *An American in Paris*. It has been one of the worst cants of a certain social coterie during the past five years to pretend that Gershwin was a composer to be taken seriously. His *Rhapsody in Blue* was proclaimed as a masterpiece by people who obviously had never heard any of the much superior compositions of other "jazzy" composers of dance music. It is to be hoped that the obvious banality and old-fashioned idiom of *An American in Paris* will kill for good the notion that Gershwin deserves a place among such contemporary composers as Delius, Milhaud, Schönberg, Hindemith, Dukelsky, Eugene Goossens and others, greatly as these composers vary in talent.

The most interesting composition to many musicians in Monday's programme must have been Anton Webern's *Symphony for Small Orchestra*, precisely because Schönberg's words, "Tones can express something that nothing but tones can express," seem relevant to this work. It is not a composition to be assimilated at a single hearing, and so it is exactly the sort of work we ought to hear at such a festival. The same cannot be said for Roman Palester's rather effective *Symphonic Music*, in spite of its contemporary harmonic texture. Signor Mortari's *Rhapsody* betrayed its Italian origin more directly. It had pleasing moments, but showed an insufficient degree of self-criticism in the composer which allowed much that was mere musical *cliché* to flow from his pen. Dukelsky's *Symphony*, admirably conducted by George Fitelberg, is not very important in content, but it shows a real tonal sense, and the composer obviously hears and means what he writes. The same is true of Constant Lambert's *Music for Orchestra*, which is vigorous and direct, and a very promising work for a composer of twenty-six to have written.

"The Smiling Lieutenant"

Hollywood seems unable to throw off its passion, the desire of the moth for the star, for the Austrian Imperial Guard. *The Smiling Lieutenant*, with Maurice Chevalier, is the third film on this topic that I have witnessed during the last month. But if anything can excuse this continual return to an exhausted theme, it will be found in the melodies of Oscar Straus and the direction of Lubitsch. For *The Smiling Lieutenant* is a delicious piece of direction, better, I think, than anything Lubitsch has given us. The basis remains that of the operette. The scaffolding has not been cut away, as it was cut away in *Le Million*. The play is still conceived in terms of the picture stage. Accept that, and the result is as amusing as possible. For Lubitsch, as well as having an acute movie sense, has a most civilised sense of humour. One half of the play, at least, consists of a parody on Court etiquette, a theme which is carried through with unflagging *doigté*. The point is never stressed. It is assumed that we are capable of understanding something without its being repeated three or four times. Even the gilding on the rococo doorways of the Imperial Palace is exaggerated to exactly the right degree. Without Maurice Chevalier *The Smiling Lieutenant* would for me, at any rate, have been a complete success. Chevalier is by now the victim of his audience. He has to go through his tricks like a sea-lion at a circus. But quite apart from that, his own natural and delightful popular French manners are, above all, unsuited to an officer of the Guard, and his attempt to exhibit the proper aristocratic insouciance landed him in a vulgarity which he would never display under more natural circumstances. His cheery roystering was at times positively shymaking; and his wink that of a leering bank clerk. But he is admirably supported by his company, and Miss Miriam Hopkins, as his princess fiancée, succeeded actually in creating the appearance of being well-bred. The tempo of the picture is satisfactory all the way through and leaves on the onlooker the desired impression of a moral lightheartedness. The dialogue, too, is of a different order from that usual in a talkie. Above all, one feels that it is directed by a superior mind, that we are remote from the mental puerility of Hollywood.

"The Finger Points"

The Finger Points, at the Regal, with Richard Barthelmess, would, one year ago, have been an absolutely first-rate gangster thriller. But since then we have had Robinson in *Little Cæsar* by the same author. The theme of *The Finger Points*—a journalist who rises to vast wealth by pretending to attack the racketeers while he is all the time in league with them—is an intelligent theme, and developed in an adequate scenario. But the producer somehow fails to make Richard Barthelmess significant. No doubt he is rightly pictured as oily and serpentine, but vigour and ambition, the Dr. Faustus qualities, were lacking in his make-up. Still, in fairness, it must be admitted that *The Finger Points* contains some admirable sequences, particularly an interview between Barthelmess and the head of the Underworld, of whom we see nothing save the enormous and sinister back. Ultimately it is difficult to say why, after all, *The Finger Points* does not quite grip. It may be that the tempo was subtly wrong. Perhaps merely Mr. Barthelmess was not quite suitably cast as an Iago of the modern world.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming weeks:

Saturday, August 1st—
The Old Stagers in "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward, Canterbury.

Monday, August 3rd—
Malvern Festival begins.
"The Silver Box," by John Galsworthy, Fortune Theatre.
Vaughan-Williams' Mass in G Minor, sung by Holst's choir, Chichester Cathedral, 11.30.
Welsh National Eisteddfod, Bangor.

Tuesday, August 4th—
The Old Stagers in "The Sign on the Door," by John Pollock, Canterbury.
The Fair Oak Players in "The Tempest," Petersfield.
Dublin Horse Show.

Wednesday, August 5th—
"Queer Fish," by Will Scott, Apollo Theatre.

Thursday, August 6th—
Midnight performance of "The Love Game," in aid of Oak Hill Journalists' Home, Prince of Wales Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE are many places, and not only in Europe, which are sacred to the Muses. There are the places which great men, through birth or habitation, have rendered into shrines: even great cities, thick with the memories of innumerable and famous dead, still keep for some of us the note of one particular name. There are who cannot say Paris without remembering Villon, or Florence without a recollection of Dante, or London without hearing the voice of Dr. Johnson, or Rome, but their lips frame the syllables, Julius Caesar. These memories, however, we would admit in pure reason are capricious; and we would not deny the right of historians or others to associate them with other great names. Smaller places have no such competition. For Englishmen, at any rate, Naishapur is inseparable from Omar Khayyàm; Scott reigns alone at Melrose, as does Shakespeare at Stratford, and who can or would separate Wordsworth or Ruskin from the Lakes, Tennyson from Freshwater, Dickens from Rochester and its countryside, or Jane Austen from Steventon? Yet the association of some of these places with the great names is accidental enough—a mere habit of residence, sometimes late in life; and means little more than Charles Lamb's familiarity with Islington and the New River, or Victor Hugo's exiled traffic in the Channel Islands. The places which belong irremediably to the Muses are those which have inspired great men and great women, or more than that, have been, through their connection with one, nurseries of friendship and genius.

* * *

In our own day I do not think there is a place more memorable in the history of literature than Coole, in the county of Galway and the province of Munster, in the kingdom of Ireland—for so perhaps one may still call that ancient country in a non-political article. Without entering on politics, I may perhaps say that lovers of literature will grieve if the gaining of political freedom means that English people pay less attention to that vital branch of their literature that comes from Ireland. I have no sympathy with the whimsical theory that would sweep together into one condemnation what has been called, quite unfairly, the literature of the Ascendancy. It is the pride and the strength of Ireland that the Ascendancy never triumphed; there are very few Anglo-Irish authors of any merit who are not patriots, whatever the precise colour of their politics. Thomas Moore and Oscar Wilde are here allies of Edward Martyn and Sean O'Casey. Though a gulf may separate Somerville and Ross from James Stephens, it is not so wide as the gulf that divides any Irish author from any English—it is a gulf in the same country, a bog if you wish, but no channel to be crossed at length with difficulty. Yet at the end of last century the national spirit in Irish literature sadly needed encouragement: and three people gave that encouragement, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Lady Gregory. As Mr. Yeats is of these three the greatest artist, Dr. Hyde the greatest scholar, so is Lady Gregory the greatest influence; and if you would know why she has been that, I can recommend, apart from its delicate loveliness of imagination, thought and phrasing, her book of essays called *Coole* (The Cuala Press, 10s. 6d.). Those who are not old enough to remember the early days of the Irish movement in literature may think we make too much of Lady Gregory's work—not of her writing, of course, the merit of which is generally recognised, though not as highly as it deserves, but of her work as a promoter of an atmosphere in which talents very distinctive and diverse could work at their best. I was a boy in those days, but it was not merely boyish enthusiasm, or a passion for things Celtic, that made me realise that we were present at the making of a great thing in art. No one who cared for country or for literature would fail to recognise the presence of a genius for provocative conciliation—and that genius was Lady Gregory's.

* * *

I remember an evening in Yeats's rooms in the passage at the back of St. Pancras Church. I wish I had either the memory or the invention to recall the conversation; what I remember best are some controversial passages between Moore and Yeats about the theatre and the Irish language, the testing of Florence Farr's capacity to speak poetry as Yeats wished it spoken, and the silence of Synge. Much later in the evening, after some had left, there came in Maud Gonne, whose beauty was to us boys a legend that her presence most splendidly fulfilled. It was on that night or another in the same room that I realised Lady Gregory's strange power. Maud Gonne was there, prophesying—her vaticinations lacked nothing of bitterness or force—when on them entered another lady, a relative, and her husband, who was an officer in the English Army. I do not remember what she said, or how she did it, but quickly, without belittling or wounding the feelings of anyone, Lady Gregory somehow purified an atmosphere that suddenly had become toxic with ancient detestations. It is the same genius that was of incomparable service in the founding and preserving of the Irish Theatre. I doubt if we can get far enough removed from that event to appraise it properly. I am sure its dramatists have never yet had the applause from the world which would have been theirs had they been Spanish, or Italian, or French. Lady Gregory, Yeats, Synge, Lennox Robinson, St. John Ervine, Rutherford Mayne, Sean O'Casey—the theatre of these seven alone can safely challenge comparison with the contemporary theatre of any other country.

* * *

Lady Gregory's chief merit as a leader can be read in every page of *Coole*. She has never forgotten that a leader, as leader, is of no importance if the army does not follow. She has the secure pride of an unfailing self-effacement, knowing, if she cares at all, that her work is indissolubly bound up with her personality. In one of these essays she meditates, as she is about to leave her home, what six books she would take from the old library there; and her choice falls on Johnson's *Dictionary*, Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Evelyn's *Silva*, Froissart's *Chronicles*, Plutarch's *Lives*, and the *Morte Darthur*. Books these that are noble deeds, as well as the records of noble deeds; books that are records of men's prowess, and are the consequence and witness of human belief in human permanence, in the vitality of noble endeavour; books that are inspired with a fine and indestructible belief in the victory of fine things and beautiful. This is true, bold as it may seem to those who do not know that book, of Johnson's *Dictionary*—a book that is the fruit of the great man's firm belief in the value of precision and accuracy as the servants of truth. And if these books and others like them fed Lady Gregory's mind and quickened her imagination when she was a girl, she may owe to them her supple and generous prose. Hear her rebuking George Moore:

> We are looking at the bust of Mæcenas, a friend from a distance and I, from the higher slopes of the garden, from the bench that is under the shadow of the catalpa tree—"A weeping ash," George Moore has called it, telling of his quarrels as he sat there with Yeats "in the warmth and fragrance of the garden," over that play *Diarmid and Grania* they were writing, not without difference of opinion. But my own quarrel with him must be for the libel of calling the catalpa by the name of among all trees the one for which I have the least affection, even a slight feeling of dislike. I did not find, or even plant one here at Coole.

So writes the good gardener, defending not herself but her trees.

RICHARD SUNNE.

BRITISH JUSTICE AND THE ROUSE CASE

Trial of Alfred Arthur Rouse. Edited by HELENA NORMANTON. Hodge. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Justice Talbot, in his summing-up at this trial, told the jury that the case was "a most exceptional one" and that "you would have to go back a long way in our legal history to find a case in which the facts bear any resemblance to these." It was a murder case not only remarkable because of the facts, but also because, as it developed, it became more and more a test of our whole system of criminal law. It raised immensely important questions with regard to police investigation, the responsibility of the press in criminal trials, the jury system, the law of evidence, criminal procedure, and the Court of Criminal Appeal. On most of these questions no one is competent to give an opinion who has read only the newspaper reports of the trial, and therefore this book, which contains the verbatim report of the trial, is extremely valuable and well repays careful study. When I originally read the evidence and summing-up as reported in the papers, I formed the opinion that, though the case against Rouse was extremely suspicious, there was absolutely no evidence to warrant a conviction and that the Judge himself had indicated this in his summing-up. I remember that I expressed my opinion at the time to a barrister who had been in Court during the trial; he told me that no one who had been in Court and had listened to the evidence could have any doubt of Rouse's guilt and that the summing-up, though extraordinarily fair, had in fact been unfavourable to the accused.

Now that I have carefully read the evidence in full I see that the impression given by the condensed newspaper reports was quite wrong. It is, I think, practically certain that Rouse committed the murder and that there was sufficient circumstantial evidence to warrant a conviction. The Judge's summing-up was admirable; that is to say, he set out all the points in favour of the defence and of the prosecution with great clearness and complete impartiality. He did what a Judge in a criminal trial ought to do, though some Judges now on the Bench very rarely do it, namely, express and imply no opinion himself upon the innocence or guilt of the accused, scrupulously refrain from any attempt to influence the jury's verdict, but summarise the evidence in such a way that twelve ordinary persons understand its relevance and come to a just and reasonable decision on the facts before them. It is significant that Mr. Justice Talbot neither before nor after the verdict indicated his own view as to Rouse's guilt, and yet on the whole his summing-up seems to me to be against Rouse.

Even though one finally comes to the conclusion that Rouse was rightly convicted on the evidence before the Court, the case still raises questions of great importance. The most important concerns the press. Admitted that Rouse committed the murder and that when the jury retired to consider their verdict the prosecution had produced sufficient evidence in Court to warrant a conviction, it still remains true that Rouse did not have a fair trial. This is a point the seriousness of which Mrs. Normanton in her introduction does not seem altogether to appreciate. The evidence before the Court from which it may be argued that his guilt was actually proved was of two kinds. There was, first, the expert evidence which seemed to establish the fact that the fire in the car could not have been started accidentally. If that were so, it is certain that Rouse was the man who deliberately fired the car with the unknown man in it, and much of his behaviour immediately after the fire corroborates this view of the facts. In the second place, it is probably true that Rouse hanged himself in the witness-box. There are passages in his evidence hardly consistent with innocence, and at any rate if he had never gone into the witness-box the case for the prosecution would have been much less strong than it was when he left it. The verdict of the jury was therefore probably right on the evidence before them. Yet I repeat that Rouse did not have a fair trial.

The case had been put before the public by the press and by the prosecution at the preliminary proceedings in such a way that even if the evidence at the trial had been much less strong, the minds of the jury must have been inevitably prejudiced against Rouse, and they would probably have found him guilty. This is in itself a condemnation of the whole existing system of the reporting of sensational murder trials. In the Rouse case, as it was presented by the Crown at the trial, no evidence was given bearing upon Rouse's motive in committing the murder. In fact, as Mr. Justice Talbot said to the jury, "in my opinion there is no theory which is even plausible which has been made good, established, as to why this man did this murder—if he did it; the fact remains that there is no satisfactory account before you, in my opinion—whether it is yours or not is, of course, a matter for you—why this was done." It was not incumbent on the prosecution to prove motive, though it is necessarily an important fact in a murder trial that there is no satisfactory account why the accused should have committed the murder. But in this particular case every member of the jury had read in his or her newspaper of a large number of facts connected with Rouse which were never referred to in Court, which suggested a motive for the murder, and in any case would prejudice the mind of an ordinary juror against Rouse. These newspapers had "starred" the Burning Car Mystery in the usual way in which the modern press treats a "sensation," and they had been full of the details regarding Rouse's relations with Nellie Tucker, Helen Campbell, Ivy Jenkins, and the rest of his harem, as he called them. When the case came before the Police Court, Mr. Paling, Crown Counsel, had said:

> It is not my business to prove motive, but this is the case of a man who was paying money to a number of women on orders of the Court which had been made against him, and only a few days before an increased burden was likely to be placed on his shoulders. He was a married man who was paying court to more than one woman other than his wife, and it might well be that he would have a wish to disappear and so unburden himself of liabilities pressing upon him. He had very little money and was going to Leicester to get an advance from his firm. It is possible you will draw the inference from the facts that it would be no great inconvenience to him if that body had been mistaken for his and it was thought he had been found burnt in his car.

At the trial the Crown had entirely abandoned this line of argument. They made no attempt to prove motive. They called no evidence to prove Rouse's relations with these women or his financial difficulties. Yet, owing to the newspaper methods of reporting sensational cases before they come to trial, these "facts" must have been in the mind of every member of the jury. Every member of the jury, too, must have often said to himself, "Why did Rouse, if he is guilty, commit the murder?" The Judge himself directed their attention to the question of motive merely by commenting upon the apparent absence of it. It was therefore practically impossible for their minds not to be influenced by these "facts" of which they had read so much in the newspapers but which were never referred to in evidence. That in itself—whether Rouse was or was not guilty and whether there was or was not sufficient evidence before the jury to warrant a conviction—shows that the existing system of criminal procedure involves danger of gross injustice to the accused in any case which the press chooses to treat as sensational.

Two separate questions are raised in this case. There is, first, the question whether the preliminary proceedings before the magistrate should not be held in private or at least not be reported in the press. It is always doubtful whether the dangers of secrecy in criminal investigations are not greater than the evils of publicity; but in the case of murder trials, if the proceedings before the magistrate were not reported, the kind of injustice from which Rouse suffered, where the prosecution abandons a whole line of argument, would be avoided. The second questions concerns the responsibility and freedom of the press. A perfectly free press is only compatible with fairness in criminal trials if those who control newspapers have some sense of responsibility. Many papers to-day appear to be controlled by people who have no sense of any kind except that of circulation. A good murder case is a godsend for them, and for days and weeks before the trial their papers are full of details and clues and theories. This method of making murder cases into newspaper stunts is not consistent with a fair working of the jury system, for it is impossible for the jurors to go into the box with an open mind. The time seems to be coming when we shall have either to abandon the jury system, at least in murder cases, or to curtail the freedom of the press in reporting or commenting upon such cases before they come to trial.

LEONARD WOOLF.

NEW NOVELS

Plagued by the Nightingale. By KAY BOYLE. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Imagined Corners. By WILLA MUIR. Secker. 7s. 6d.

A Little Learning. By DOREEN WALLACE. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Ebenezer Walks With God. By GEORGE BAKER. Partridge. 7s. 6d.

The Lady and the Mute. By JOHN LINDSEY. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

Saint Johnson. By W. R. BURNETT. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

The Outlaws. By ERNST VON SALOMON. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Plagued by the Nightingale presents the gradually approaching rot of a doting, inter-marrying French family which has a paralysis germ wandering among the bones of its male members. This highly inherited germ, which brings, also, softening of the brain in its trail, is regarded without horror and almost with affection by Maman and Papa and the rest of the family ("'We have made an appointment with the specialists to see Nicolas,' said Maman, brightly, stirring in her chair as if to hasten the arrival of tea"). For, after all, Jean, though he can't walk and is growing stupid, is rich and contented and stays at home and does not lacerate the family with the pains of little partings. And the children of Charlotte, his wife, though they may already rock a little on their legs, are at any rate numerous and adorable. For the reader, too, realisation of the subject's horror is delayed, side-tracked by the delicacy and sweetness of some of the flowers on the fatal plant. Take, for instance, the Luc situation. Luc is a beautiful, inscrutable young man who spends his month's holiday with the family every year.

> Because he was such a perfect gentleman, and because his perfection in this idle month of the year was always for them alone, what could they do but be in a fury of love before it? He would have shamed any prince had he put a uniform and plumes on, and on a surf-board he would have been a miracle on any sea. But all this was for them and their two country houses, his fine arms for the old oars of their row-boat on the pond, and his body to plunge and stretch in the privacy of their sea. He belonged to them.

This Greek-bodied young doctor, Luc, the family's three unmarried daughters equally long to marry, but perceive his favours year after year being equally distributed among them. And on his way to take a very different part in the story these three flowers bloom for him—Julie's unhappy independence, Marthe's frank passion, and all of exquisite Annick, who writes to him: "'The thought of embracing a calling wholly devoted to others, such as yours, draws me more every day. Men can be doctors, but for women there is but one way to serve and that is in the convent.' This so gently, so admirably written to him, and in such innocence that entertained no thought of threatening Luc with what his indecision might lead her to do."

Even when the book's sinister theme is uppermost the delicate art of this author's perceptions is extended to the horror itself and makes it a secondary concern. The bitterness of one germ-visited son, and his hatred for his contented family, and the part played by his healthy young American wife (healthy Luc in the background) for the propagation of a healthy child, form the essential parts of the story: but here as in the slighter aspects the author with proper consistency makes use of a subtle impressionism. The theme's tragedy is decked for the reader in the delicious and enjoyable guise of an artifice which still, though dealing with disease and death, will not absolve the reader from his pleasure. By robbing tragedy of its disaster Miss Boyle, of course, is guilty of a fairly serious plunder; and though all that is stolen from tragedy is heaped upon wit, this is a distribution that may seem to the reader to ask for some readjustment—but elsewhere, and not in Miss Boyle, who is really too good to be interfered with. Her art is a skimming and not a probing one. This is as far as possible from being a frivolous book; but grief, passion, religion, are all shown in no other way than in their curious, sometimes entrancing, superficialities.

That is why, turning reluctantly from the last page of this to the first page of the next, Mrs. Muir's close investigations, her detail, her absorption in the relationship of one character with another, promise a possible disclosure of something more than all these brilliantly seen signs. But, as it proves, when Kay Boyle has removed the bodies of her characters, and Willa Muir has laid all her souls upon the table, a convincing hidden essence of things is still not achieved. *Imagined Corners* is an interesting effort. The population of a Scotch town yields up its minister (preaching hell-fire, but burying his face in his hands for a stricken conscience), its ne'er-do-well, its house of Shand, for treatment in these pages, without drawing a special sympathy for any one of them; the general, jostling community is the important character—or perhaps even the community's spite. The reactions in this book are peculiar. In order to enjoy the undoubted interest of some of its scenes I had to persuade myself to believe in the young bride, "madly in love" with her husband, who hears with cheerful unconcern of his making love elsewhere. An axiom uttered by some character is apt so much to impress another as to shed on the whole universe a light that one might think would have come before or never. The characters who are meant to be the salt of the book are altogether too easily delighted with each other's mild effectiveness.

A Little Learning, for whose sake you must unlearn the Scotch dialect of *Imagined Corners* and accustom yourself to a Suffolk one, contains more recognisable emotions in the experience of a girl of farming family, whose cleverness has carried her to "Oxford College." This book comes near to making the kind of unbearable disclosure that is achieved by some first novels of youth's misfortunes and first love, and it is—at times, at any rate—sharply, painfully accurate in its presentment of Olive Flowerdew's selfish, helpless, devastated and embarrassed being. Luckily, it does not make the portentous mistake of asking—or deciding—whether such a girl as Olive *should* involve herself in the clash of two opposite lives. It only impartially depicts an extreme case of such clashing.

Mr. Baker also has the advantage of a suggestive theme—and might have been inspired by it to a better book. Elizabeth and Ebenezer, old and childless, receive into their care a grand-nephew one month old; and Ebenezer, after an epoch of the torturings of his Nonconformist conscience on account of his resentful acceptance of the infant Paul, becomes persuaded that the drama of the Second Coming is being enacted under his roof. He keeps a diary in which Elizabeth and Paul figure as M. and J., and are spoken of with a combined intimacy and reverence that convey an appropriate atmosphere. But when dissensions about the child separate Ebenezer and Elizabeth, and Ebenezer is befriended by a Cockney girl of loose life with a heart of gold, the fine developments which seemed implied in the theme are deserted for mere incidents to play upon old Elizabeth's jealousies, and for an absolute orgy of conventional Cockneyism from the heart of gold.

Mr. Lindsey's idea, again, asks for a man of imagination to deal with it. A well-to-do woman, old and alone, prompted by her horror of cruelty and persecution, takes under her wing a man who is a deaf-mute, whose time apparently has been spent in being stoned by the villagers or doing odd jobs for farmers, who then neglected to pay him. (Metaphorically, I am not sure that I can find this village on my map.) The book is certainly a song of honour in so far as its detestation of cruelty is concerned; but Miss Agatha's pity for the deaf-mute cannot be more interesting than she herself is; and the blood-lust which the deaf-mute himself develops may unsentimentalise the story, but is far from giving it the power which the manner of telling it would claim. The hopes of the reader will fade to mere respect for estimable ideas; and he will have to snatch at such crumbs of enjoyment as may be got from a phrase of Miss Ethel Mannin's preface, in which she marvels how a young author of twenty-two has "got right into the heart and mind—soul, if you like, though I mislike the word—" of Miss Agatha. The word the reader will feel bound to mislike is the word genius lavished by this preface. How masterly is Mr. Burnett, by comparison, when he puts his Arizona toughs through their paces! Here are characters whose outward signs are identical with inmost selves; and Mr. Burnett has fitted them out with a brief slang vernacular which yet leaves not a shred of them unexpressed. The story crackles with gunshot in the rough mushroom town of Alkili, while the brothers Johnson, who represent the kind of law and order that would be first-class crime in most places, are beaten in their fight for even a minimum amount of "cleaning-up" of the town.

The Outlaws, a translation, is the vivid, impressive narrative of a young man's post-war—or secondary-war and revolutionary—experience in Germany. Ernst Von Salomon gathers into his pages the full and exceedingly exciting career of an honest and idealistic young man.

VIOLA MEYNELL.

THE FYNNESTE SHE

In My End is My Beginning. By MAURICE BARING. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

Maybe in the past there were fairer women than the Queen of Scotland, and maybe in the future there will be Queens that shall excel her; yet her beauty, whether or not it deserved praise or blame according to canon, or whether or no the poets and the gallants gave her more than her due, was of the kind that made men willing to endure exile, hardship and torment for her sake, and to face death gladly, whether they were old or young; and when she passed in procession, or to Mass, or to the banquet, men murmured to see her, or shaded their eyes for the dazzle, and women were silent.

That is the general truth about Mary Stuart to which all who have ever written of her, to defend or to condemn, subscribe unanimously. But after that, what? Then the mystery begins. For not one of the many who have been moved by admiration or resentment to put on paper their impressions of the "fynneste she that ever was" has succeeded in conveying the inevitable essence that made her precisely what she was: the essence that Elizabeth feared and Knox hated, that drove her like a hunted hind deeper and deeper into disaster, that at last survived the block and lingers yet about the memory of the Queen of Scots. It was not only beauty, for Mary of Guise was beautiful, and is forgotten. It was no one attribute or accidental that one can pick out, for by choosing this aspect of her or that, one but proves her a fool, a villain, or a plaything of misfortune; and the Mary that men died for was more than these. Her advocates, as little as her enemies, have caught that essence, concerned as they have been with her actions, which after all were only the manifestations of herself. One and all they have worked backwards, showing the agent as a sainted nincompoop or an unprincipled intriguer, according as their unravelling of her deeds has prompted them. And yet the fruit will tell us nothing of the tree; but, given the tree, the fruit will surely follow.

Mr. Baring has shown the tree. He has no axe to grind or problem to unravel in his story of Mary Stuart. Much that was dark before remains without explicit answer, though the answer may now be guessed. Undoubtedly Mr. Baring has made up his mind about every incident where her actions or motives have been criticised. But he is not out to argue or convince. Simply, through the eyes of her four Maries, he shows us the other Mary, more vividly and more truly than she has ever appeared before, since the Dean of Peterborough looked on a head whose lips still twitched, and cried, "So perish all the Queen's enemies." The years of her long imprisonment, those debatable years, are omitted from his story. And, though Mr. Baring has read Major-General Mahon, he advances no theory about the death of Darnley or the marriage with Bothwell. He states the facts, but he presents them as rising inevitably from a certain person placed in a certain situation, at grips with certain other persons.

He reminds us that Mary Stuart was born beautiful and born a Queen, with an intelligence that was subject to her emotions, and with certain ideas of right and wrong that were not merely dictated by religion and rank, but inherent in her nature and undeniable. He reminds us, too, what many have been inclined to under-estimate, that she was a Catholic. And what his story reveals, though it is never explicitly stressed, is less the obvious clash of a Catholic with a violently Protestant nation than the dilemma of a devout Catholic with established principles among men whose old standards have collapsed and who have not yet had time to build others in their place. Mary's refusal to wink at Lethington's methods of ridding her of a dangerous and inconvenient husband must have seemed rank obstinacy to Moray and his friends. To Mary there was no alternative. Only an act of God could dissolve her marriage, so the act of God must be engineered, even if it dragged the Queen down with her consort. And Bothwell's rise also assumes its proper place, when seen in the true perspective of Mary's character. He alone of the men around her seemed to possess the only qualities in which she still dared to believe. "Whatever the bruits might be, she knew from his dealings with her that he was the only one of the nobles she had never had cause to distrust, and the only one who had not yet sold her to the Queen of England." Mary Stuart, who had never feared any man, was passionately looking for one man in all Scotland whom she could trust and lean on. Those qualities in Bothwell that she had proved, his courage and his loyalty, were enough to blind her to the rest. And the experience of a woman who was beautiful and a Queen had not fitted her to understand a man who could put woman, beauty, and even his Queen' second to his own unbounded ambition. "Hitherto she had ruled all men, and as soon as she found the one man who could rule her, he treated her like a drab."

A tragedy is truly tragic only if it is truly inevitable, and Mr. Baring has shown why the tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots was, at every stage, inevitable. More important still, he has shown what kind of woman was this Queen who, more perhaps than Helen or Cleopatra, has moved and still can move the imagination of men. Books will no doubt continue to be written about her, but they will be less necessary since Mr. Baring has painted her, and shown that in her beginning was her end.

FLORA GRIERSON.

WAGNER IN A HUNDRED YEARS

Fact and Fiction About Wagner. By ERNEST NEWMAN. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

The occasion of this book by Mr. Newman was a peculiarly unhappy venture into authorship by two gentlemen named Hurn and Root, who wrote *The Truth About Wagner*, a book published in 1929, of which Mr. Newman writes: "to produce a book like *The Truth About Wagner* at this time of day suggests not so much an attempt at a clever fraud as an innocence so vast that one almost feels compunction in drawing public attention to it."

Mr. Newman proceeds in the most ruthless manner to expose the inadequacy of these two gentlemen's equipment to deal with the subject of Wagner, and, incidentally, he throws additional light on a number of obscure matters in Wagner's life. As a student of Wagner's biographical material Mr. Newman is probably without rival in this country, and all those who want to have the latest information as to Wagner's parentage, his relations with Cosima, the authenticity of *Mein Leben*, etc., etc., will find in this and Mr. Newman's other books on the subject the fullest account in English lucidly presented.

The remainder of *Fact and Fiction About Wagner* is devoted to an exposition of Mr. Newman's pet theory of the public attitude towards genius. Mr. Newman thinks that it is a "legend" that genius is not appreciated by its contemporaries. He neglects the fact that legends and myths are not based on nothing and uses the word "legend" as if it were synonymous with "falsehood," stating that his examination of the records leads him to the inference "that on the whole the mass of plain musical men can always be trusted to recognise the composer of commanding genius when they hear him."

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I think this conclusion must be ignored as being too vague and general. Mr. Newman refers to me in this matter, and makes great play with the fact that he bet me a dinner I could not find a sentence in all Wagner's writings to show that Wagner thought his music too advanced for the general public of his day, and that he has never to this day had either the data or the dinner. I do not know what Wagner thought on this subject, and it would not dispose of the matter whatever he had written or thought. There is abundant evidence that men of genius have not been appreciated by their contemporaries. I will quote one fact which even Mr. Newman cannot deny—the fact that Salieri was a much more popular opera composer in Vienna than Mozart. Not only was he more popular; he was also esteemed more highly by the cultivated connoisseurs of the Court. Berlioz was not the most popular composer in France during his lifetime, although he had more genius than any other French composer. If Mr. Newman says that there has been no instance of the total neglect of a man of genius during his lifetime, only instances of comparative neglect, I would ask what about Schubert? The neglect of his contemporaries to Schubert almost amounted to total neglect, the indifference of his contemporaries to Mozart (once the *wunderkind* had grown up) almost amounted to total indifference. And if we go to the other arts we find a contemporary public indifferent or hostile to Spinoza, Blake, Shelley, Keats, Cézanne, and other geniuses of the highest order. I do not say the public is always or necessarily indifferent to contemporary genius—although it is logical to suppose that when a man has something new and personal to say it will take some time for other people to understand it. What I do say is that to assert dogmatically that genius is always recognised by its contemporaries is to assert something as obviously false as it would be to assert that the moon is rectangular. Let Mr. Newman consider for a moment the history of those contemporaries Shelley and Byron! He may see clearly there that the factor of genius played no role whatever in this matter of popularity. Both were men of genius; one was immensely popular and one was unknown. Both were revolutionaries; the verses of one were declaimed enthusiastically throughout Europe, the verses of the other were printed at his own expense and remained ignored in a few hundred scattered copies for many years after his death. Both held unpopular views and lived what respectable people would have called irregular lives. How would Mr. Newman explain the difference in the history of their fame? Is it entirely accidental that the poet of higher genius, of rarer powers, of finer nature should have *slowly* risen more and more in the estimation of mankind whilst the other, his famous contemporary, sank? Who can explain why we now listen not to the music of the successful Salieri, but to that of his unsuccessful rival, Mozart? Perhaps in a hundred years no one will be found listening to the music of Wagner, but tucked away in some American library a forlorn musicologist will be found reading Mr. Ernest Newman's *Fact and Fiction About Wagner* with a grim smile.

W. J. TURNER.

GENIUS AND HEREDITY

The Psychology of Men of Genius. By ERNST KRETSCHMER. Translated, with an introduction, by R. B. CATTELL. Kegan Paul. 15s.

Professor Kretschmer is the author of *Physique and Character*, a much-discussed book which sought to prove that man's character tendencies are a result of his biological nature and therefore entirely dependent on heredity. He does not, of course, contend that the superstructure of personality, or what he calls "the secondary, finished character qualities," can be related to physique after the manner of popular physiognomy. It is the primary personality, the elementary disposition, that he believes to be wholly the product of heredity, and therefore unchangeable throughout life. "These tendencies to reaction," he states, "are determined by the type of constitution." Holding such views, Professor Kretschmer naturally thinks that environmental psychology, such as that of Adler and of Freud, is concerned with too superficial a layer of the personality. Those psychologies may be useful clinically; but they can never, in Professor Kretschmer's opinion, deal with the fundamental problems of character, which are problems of biology and heredity.

The present book applies these theories to the problem of genius, its nature and its cause. "That inherited dispositions," writes Professor Kretschmer, "and not environmental factors, are the essential causes of highly talented performances can be regarded as proven, according to the present position of research." It is remarkable how writers in this field seem impelled toward unbalanced partisanship either for heredity or for environment. That the two factors might be treated with equal respect seems more than most psychologists can bear to admit. However, if Professor Kretschmer's book be taken for what it is, a necessarily one-sided investigation of human psychology, his conclusions are interesting. Briefly, they are as follows: (1), The most that a thoroughly sound heredity can produce is a capable, vigorous, industrious person, a person with a high degree of talent and one who is likely to command worldly success, (2), a "pure race," in so far as such a thing can exist, will resemble the talented man; it will be capable but uninspired, (3), to produce a genius, there must be some taint of biological degeneracy in the heredity. There must be a large element of the biologically sound and able; but this must be crossed in such a way as to throw the whole psychic organism somewhat out of balance, (4), The group that is most likely to produce geniuses is therefore the group with mixed blood, where two or more talented races have come together and have interbred long enough for the fruitful taint of degeneration to have appeared.

In support of his thesis, Professor Kretschmer investigates the psychic history of a number of geniuses, some of whom are obviously of the mad type, while others have been supposed to be notably sound and normal: Bismarck, Robert Meyer, Nietzsche, Robespierre, and—most interesting of all—Goethe. Many people would feel that Goethe might be a stumbling-block to a theory that relates genius and psychosis. But as Professor Kretschmer pictures him, Goethe is the most useful example of all—with a family that is biologically unsound and with his own life subject to a regular periodicity of exaltation and depression (in seven-year cycles) that suggests the manic depressive. The section on Goethe ends with these sentences, a good summary of the book's main thesis:

> People are so fond of holding Goethe up as the prototype of powerful intellectual health and balanced harmony of spirit. Goethe's family circle teaches us something quite different. When we see how his brother and sister withered away in their tenderest youth and how the only remaining sister was spared merely to pass away in bitterness, feebleness and gloom, when we see how nearly the poet himself is touched by the same force that ruined his sister, then we can trace the working of real human fate. We can recognise the same family destiny as poisoned the lives of Beethoven or Michel Angelo. We perceive genius at last as the shape of Iphigeneia, as the last bright blossom among the distorted products of a degenerating species. There stands by Goethe a sister, as there stood by Iphigeneia a dark melancholy brother.

At the end of the book there are about fifty pages of portraits—usually with two portraits to a page—in regard to which this astounding claim is made: "The following collection of portraits . . . shows, in a number of statistical series, the regular correspondences between the type of intellectual performance and the general physical form; that is, it demonstrates the fundamental biological laws of personality." How could such a desultory collection of a hundred or less portraits, indifferently reproduced, "demonstrate" anything? But in spite of this ingenuousness the book is interesting, though unconvincing.

HAS MONEY POWER?

The Problem of Maintaining Purchasing Power. A Study of Industrial Depression and Recovery. By P. W. MARTIN. King. 15s.

Mr. Martin belongs to the monetary school; that is to say he accepts the hypothesis that an insufficiency in the means of payment causes industrial depression and that an increase in the means of payment, suitably directed and controlled, is the remedy. The title of the book supplies the key to his exposition. He concentrates upon the stream of purchasing power and its relation to the stream of commodities, and shows that there is no guarantee that the relation will necessarily be constant. When the former outstrips the latter, there is boom and inflation; in the opposite case slump and deflation. He explains how the Central Banks can increase or decrease the means of payment by raising or lowering the bank rate and by buying or selling securities; but that this regulating influence is at present primarily directed to maintaining currencies at parity with gold and with each other. It is not regarded as anybody's business to insure

that " the volume of purchasing power will be sufficient to provide a market at remunerative prices for the volume of goods offered for sale."

The problem of maintaining purchasing power, as the author propounds it, is not, therefore, a simple conception ; it depends upon the somewhat elusive term " remunerative prices." The author at times implies that his criterion for judging whether there is a deficiency or excess of purchasing power is the price-level ; but in general he prefers to identify his aim with what the Americans call " business stability " rather than price stabilisation. Unemployment rather than a falling price-level (which may theoretically be due to a general fall in costs of production) then becomes the important criterion for regulating purchasing power ; and the author is thus led to his main constructive proposal that " when the unemployment index showed a decline in business activity, public works would be put on foot and financed in a manner involving an increase in the total quantity of money in circulation." Which would produce the greater effect, the public works or the expansion of credit by open market operations, is a debatable question ; in any case the former without the latter are useless. We are thus led back to the policy of the Central Banks ; and here the author is perhaps unduly naive in disposing of the difficulty by setting up a body called a " Purchasing Power Adjustment Board " which would " arrange with the Central Bank " for the necessary expansion of credit. What if the Central Bank replies that to do so would be incompatible with the maintenance of the gold standard ?

The problem is therefore an international one. Mr. Martin welcomes the suggestion that statutory gold reserves should be reduced by international agreement, and having thus disposed of the danger of a gold shortage urges that each country should aim at " business stability " rather than rigid price stabilisation. But this responsibility he throws on the Governments and their Purchasing Power Adjustment Boards, while the Central Banks are left to look after exchange stability and at the same time carry out the behests of these Boards whenever they want an expansion of credit. His attempt to justify this division of responsibility is the weakest part of the book.

It is regrettable that there is only one brief reference—and that an incorrect one—to the Genoa Conference ; the Genoa Conference was not held under the auspices of the League. Mr. Martin is impressed with Governor Strong's evidence before the United States Committee on Banking and Currency about the difficulties of price stabilisation ; but he does not mention that the Genoa resolutions on monetary policy advocated not " rigid price stabilisation " but merely concerted action by the Central Banks " to prevent undue fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold." Since 1927 the value of gold has risen by about 50 per cent., mainly through the action or inaction of the Central Banks. The resolutions of the Genoa Conference, which were stated to be the official policy of this country as recently as May 14th, 1928, have simply been ignored by France and America.

The monetary diagnosis of our present discontents is so important, and there are so few up-to-date and reliable books on the subject, that we wish Mr. Martin's book could be more warmly recommended. As an introduction to the subject it suffers from being too unorthodox—in the method of approach and the choice of terms rather than in the underlying conceptions. The announcement on the cover that " the book furnishes the first satisfactory explanation of why buying intermittently fails to keep pace with production " is calculated to repel the discerning reader ; but in spite of this it is well worth reading and contains much sound sense on a difficult subject.

SHORTER NOTICES

Relations of Golconda in the Early Seventeenth Century. Edited by W. H. MORELAND. Quaritch (for the Hakluyt Society). 25s.

This interesting addition to the publications of the Hakluyt Society consists of three separate descriptions of the Indian kingdom of Golconda in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, two of them by Dutch merchants (now translated for the first time) and one by the Englishman, William Methwold, who afterwards became President of the East India Company's factory at Surat and is well known for his tactful handling of the situation when (in 1636) the alleged activities of an English pirate in the Red Sea got the company into trouble with the local authorities. Methwold's " relation," which is based on his observations at Masulipatam between 1618 and 1622, was written for Samuel Purchas, who included it not in his *Pilgrimes*, but in his later *Pilgrimage*, which is little read to-day. Methwold has a vigorous style, quite in keeping with his character, and a happy trick of metaphor. Mr. Moreland has performed a real service in reprinting him. The two Dutch " relations," of somewhat earlier date, are here translated, almost literally, into plain modern English. They are full of valuable detail—one gives an appalling account of a suttee. And, as the editor points out in his introduction, they support Methwold's evidence on very many points. Taken together, the three narratives should prove a useful corrective to that modern school of thought which endeavours, from motives of its own, to represent the India of this period as an earthly paradise.

The Remaking of Marriage. By POUL BJERRE. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.

Dr. Bjerre calls his book " a contribution to the psychology of sex relationship." It is not an illuminating one. To begin with, the American translator of the Swedish original has dressed it in ponderous and often ungrammatical language. This is of no help to a treatise that is itself packed with repetition and redundancy. The remaking of marriage, in Dr. Bjerre's view, means its transformation from a social institution to an inner experience of self-realisation and mutual support, which he terms the sacramental union. Realising, however, that all marriages cannot attain this ideal, he allows a system of free love, together with one of home partnership arranged for domestic and business convenience. He contends that all existent sex relationships may be roughly classified under these three heads, " no matter how much they vary individually." But since the individual variations of psychology and circumstance are the centre of each problem, Dr. Bjerre's crystallisation of his experience into generalities to form a science of marriage would seem to require a converse process before it could be vitalised.

The Other Chateau Country: The Feudal Land of the Dordogne. By KATHERINE WOODS. Lane. 18s.

The Valley of the Dordogne, with its mediæval chateaux and towns, its great natural beauties, its good roads and inns, and its amiable people, would seem to be a paradise for those with a desire for leisurely travel, a love of architecture, and a sense of the past. It is one of those unspoilt backwaters of the world, where, though the drama of life has changed, the scene has remained unaltered, and the people of the Dordogne go about their twentieth century business amid surroundings in which Eleanor of Aquitaine, and Cœur de Lion, and Bertrand de Born, would not feel estranged. It is the charm of Mrs. Woods' book that it not only describes the wonderful chateaux of the Dordogne, but also fills them again with all the life and colour of the middle ages. Haply, owing to the Albigensian Crusade, the landowners of the Dordogne were too poor to rebuild and too proud to destroy ; hence

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nowhere probably in all Europe is there any small rural area so rich in memorials of the middle ages, and the photographs with which the book is illustrated demonstrate that Mrs. Woods in no way exaggerates the world she describes.

Enter the Actress. By ROSAMUND GILDER. Harrap. 15s.

It is strange that although women had taken their due place in the ancient pagan cults from which the drama derived, when the stage appears in history they are already banned as performers. But if they were debarred from the higher forms of theatrical entertainment, there never was a period when they were not dancers, singers, acrobats, mimes, mummers, and what not; hence, as Miss Gilder points out in her interesting study, when the time was ripe they took to the stage as to the manner born. After discussing the long banishment, Miss Gilder turns triumphantly to the conquest, and in her review of the post-Renaissance theatre in Europe she gives us a series of lively studies of pioneer actresses in Italy, France, Germany and England. It is with Mary Betterton (*née* Saunderson) that the story of our modern theatre begins, for she was the first feminine Ophelia, Juliet, Miranda, Lady Macbeth and Queen Katherine. Nell Gwynn followed quickly in lighter vein, and the squeaky boy-girl disappeared from the playhouse.

Tales Told in Togoland. By A. W. CARDINALL. Oxford University Press. 16s.

These stories, gathered at first-hand by Mr. Cardinall, who is a district commissioner on the Gold Coast, from peasants and hunters in Togoland, cover a wide field of magic and religion as they affect the African mind. Mr. Cardinall makes the point that even the most fantastic story may be completely accepted, and he relates how thirty natives, many educated and Christian, were not shaken in their belief that they had seen a being half-hyena and half-woman, even though a passing European had declared that all he saw was a naked woman. Some of the most interesting stories told by Mr. Cardinall deal with mischief-loving dwarfs, bearing a strong resemblance to our own pixies. Such stories he holds to be rooted in a tradition of some dwarf race which held the land before the present inhabitants came. Other stories relate to hunting and the hunter's lore, and the book closes with a mythical and traditional history of Dagomba by Mr. E. F. Tamakloe, of the Gold Coast Civil Service.

Bantry Bay. By B. P. BRENDAN BRADLEY. Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d.

In this book the expeditions of Bantry Bay, Camperdown, Killala, Lough Swilly, have been viewed chiefly from the naval angle. Questions of tactics, strategy, and the general conditions governing battles by sea are discussed in detail in two of the sections, but not in greater detail than is necessary to the understanding of the situations. Thus considerable space is given to the preparations at Brest for Hoche's expedition to Bantry Bay, which probably failed owing to a fear of lack of provisions, and to an analysis of the plan of attack and general tactics which led to the decisive defeat of the Dutch off Camperdown. Some space is also devoted to the character and personality of Wolfe Tone which enabled him in so short a space of time to enlist the sympathy and active co-operation of France.

The Ancient Bridges of the North of England. By E. JERVOISE. Architectural Press. 5s. 6d.

In every way a worthy companion to the same author's study of the ancient bridges of the south of England, the present volume demonstrates again what a wealth of beauty the country possesses in its ancient stone and brick bridges, and what valuable work the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is doing in sponsoring these admirable records. Perhaps the most amazing fact these records disclose is the comparative modernity of our bridges, so many of them being of seventeenth and eighteenth century construction. But, if the middle ages are scantily represented, their builders left their mark, so that even in the dreariest age of architectural decay the builder of bridges kept his head and his good taste. Dates are often difficult to come by when records fail, and even such magnificent bridges as Twizel Bridge, Northumberland, and the Devil's Bridge, Kirkby Lonsdale, cannot be given a definite date. The illustrations which accompany the text are excellent and should raise up armies of supporters for the Society that stands for the protection of so much beauty.

The Reformation and English Education: A Study of the Influence of Religious Uniformity on English Education in the Sixteenth Century. By NORMAN WOOD. Routledge. 15s.

Searching as is Dr. Wood's inquiry into the enforcement of religious uniformity upon teachers and scholars, he has curiously little to tell us about sixteenth-century education, save that it was preponderantly religious, and, apart from the acquisition of elementary English necessary for entry into grammar and other schools, mainly directed to the learning of Latin as a living language to be spoken, read, and written. The teaching of elementary reading and writing, Dr. Woods points out, was doubtless the main work of the Chantry schools, though there must have been other schools and teachers, for numerous as the Chantry schools were they could not have accounted for all who in the sixteenth century could read if not write their mother tongue. Dr. Woods deals at length with the suppression of the Chantry schools during the reign of Edward VI, and points out that, although it has been condemned as an attack on education, it was a necessary Protestant measure, for the Chantries were essentially disseminators of Romish doctrine. Reading between the lines, however, it is fairly evident that the Reformation, in so far as it spread and compelled the use of the English Bible, must have done much to raise the vernacular in the esteem of the people, and to speed up that trend towards the creation of a great national literature which in the last years of the century swept all before it. Dr. Woods, it is true, confines himself mainly to the religious issue, but that issue by accident was also the issue of the vernacular. There is little in the way of what may be called the machinery of education that is not discussed in the book, and it was this machinery that the Tudor Monarchs used ingeniously for their own ends.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

DUKE ELLINGTON'S *Creole Rhapsody* (Brunswick, double-sided, 10 in. 1145), if not so striking as some of his earlier pieces, confirms my impression that he is quite the most talented and original of the American jazz-composers. It is surprising how few names of actual composers emerge from the flood of present-day dance-music. Gershwin, Youmans, Myer and Rogers are known, but how many others? This is partly due to the fact that few jazz-composers do their own orchestration, and that their tunes are associated more with the band that plays them than with themselves. When we think of *Japanese Sandman* or *Shanghai Lullaby*, it is Paul Whiteman's name that we recall rather than the composer's. Duke Ellington is notable in that he is not only a first-class jazz-composer, but a fine orchestrator and executant as well. His works are conceived directly for his medium, and it is he who gives them their final stamp. He gives the same distinction to his *genre* that Strauss gave to the Waltz or Sousa to the March. With the exception of the recent *Creole Rhapsody*, his pieces only occupy one side of a 10 in. record and are all the better for this limitation. A jazz record should be as terse as possible, and it would be a pity if Ellington started to produce rambling, pseudo-highbrow fantasies such as Gershwin's more ambitious essays. The two best Ellington records obtainable in England are *Hot and Bothered* (Parlophone R.582) and *Mood Indigo* (Parlophone R.866), and neither of them attempts any change of mood. *Hot and Bothered* has an extraordinary nervous vitality, and skilfully manages to

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show off the virtuosity of each individual player without interrupting the continuity of the piece. The last half-minute is as exciting as anything in Stravinsky, and achieves its effect by very musicianly means. *Mood Indigo* is an admirable contrast to this record. The very subtle and original harmony and scoring produce that effect of devitalised melancholy that creeps through modern art in many forms, and is to be found not only in Ellington but in T. S. Eliot. On the other side of the Parlophone record of *Hot and Bothered* is a piano solo, *Swampy River*, played by the composer himself. This at first may be a slight disappointment to those expecting a sensational piece of jazz writing. It has great charm, though, and can be compared both in style and intrinsic interest to such minor but delightful works as Chabrier's *Ten Picturesque Pieces* or the *Lyric Pieces* of Grieg. There is also another piano solo issued by Parlophone, *Black Beauty*, R.571, but this is rather more conventional. Those who take the trouble to get the American record of *Hot and Bothered* will be rewarded by finding on the other side *The Mouchi*, a particularly fine and imaginative Blues. There are, I believe, many more Ellington records issued in America, but I cannot speak personally of these.

After the best of Ellington, the finest jazz record I have heard is *Love for Sale*, by Cole-Porter, played by Waring's Pennsylvanians and sung by the Waring Sisters. This is melancholy, but not in the style of *Mood Indigo*. It has a rich nostalgia that expresses perfectly the curious mood evoked by certain towns, particularly ports like Marseilles or Toulon. Neither the composition nor its execution has the sharp and grotesque quality of the negro bands. *Love for Sale* is more in the romantic mood of the fox-trots of ten years ago. Waring's Pennsylvanians are a good band that made one of the earliest and best of Blues records (*Stack o' Lee Blues*), and they are enormously helped by the Waring Sisters, whose singing, in its *genre*, is one of the most moving things I have heard. Unfortunately, this record is banned in this country because of the words which deal with the subject of prostitution. Prostitution is a theme that can be exploited with impunity in literature, the drama, and the plastic arts, but apparently cannot be used in connection with music. Not that prostitution is directly mentioned in *Love for Sale*, but its existence is, I regret to say, implied.

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About Motoring

THIS FREE-WHEEL BUSINESS

EVERYBODY is familiar with the free-wheel on pedal-cycles: the present writer can still remember the sensation created in the High at Oxford, when the university stroke, Harcourt Gold, was seen sailing gracefully along down wind with his feet motionless on the pedals. During the last eight or nine years the motor manufacturers of all countries have coquetted in rather half-hearted fashion with a similar mechanism for motor cars. According to the *Motor*, which believes wholeheartedly in the idea and has worked hard to foster it, Chenard-Walcker were the pioneers of the new design as long ago as 1924. Lea-Francis followed suit in this country two years later, and a dozen British makers staged free-wheels at the 1928 Olympia Show. None of them pressed the innovation with any real energy, and it has languished in this country until it practically disappeared from our midst at the end of 1929. In 1930 the Studebaker people produced a most attractive chassis in America: their device was active on the two higher gears of a three-speed gear box, both ratios being of the silent type; but on the first forward speed and on reverse the drive was locked and positive in normal fashion. At the present moment Europe ignores the free-wheel, but eight large American firms are producing it in quantities, and the American public appears quite enthusiastic.

A free-wheel for motor cars can be designed in a variety of forms. For example, it could be thrown in or out of action by a special lever, so that at the whim of the driver the car would behave precisely as a standard chassis of conventional type. Or it could remain permanently in action, so that whenever the driver relaxed foot pressure on the accelerator the car would automatically coast with its engine idling and disconnected from the drive, until such time as its impetus became exhausted or the driver reaccelerated and forced the engine to resume propulsion. Or again, as on the Studebaker chassis, the free-wheel could be associated with some of the gear ratios, other ratios retaining a positive action as at present. The mechanics of design present no special difficulty. The weight is not great, and the cost on a basis of quantity production can be immaterial. Maintenance is simple, and wear infinitesimal.

The device possesses great and unquestionable advantages. The aspect which is probably responsible for the boom in America is that gear-changing is robbed of all its terrors. The American private owner has always loathed gear-changing, and has never mastered a series of actions which continue to present difficulty and occasional humiliation to most of us, even in a country where gear levers are designed for use rather than ornament. When a free-wheel car is coasting, any gear can be engaged under any circumstances without skill or noise or the least fear of missing the change. This is an enormous asset, and it is noticeable that certain British firms—notably Daimler and Armstrong Siddeley—pursue this ideal by far more complicated and expensive methods, for the Wilson gear box employed on the two cars just named is an elaborate affair by contrast with typical free-wheel mechanisms. In the second place, a free-wheel instantly ensures an owner a percentage of fuel economy far greater than is promised by various gadgets which sell freely to petty economists. The saving of petrol obtained by fast coasting down all easy slopes will never be less than 15 per cent., and frequently rises as high as 25 per cent. Petrol is cheap at the moment, but if and when the petrol war terminates in one of its periodic armistices, fuel will once more rise in price. In all circumstances a fuel economy of, say, 20 per cent. is a substantial consideration, and especially so to commercial transport firms and to private owners who record a large annual mileage. In the third place, no motoring sensation can be pleasanter than that of fast travel with an engine which for the moment resembles a Rolls-Royce in its silent sweetness, simply because it is merely idling on its pilot jet instead of roaring rather audibly on a lavish throttle opening. But up to date these three unquestionable assets have completely failed to endear the free-wheel to the British motoring public. And it remains to examine the causes for their reluctance.

First and foremost, the British motorist is rather a docile person, prone to accept what the trade offers: and the trade has never pushed the free-wheel. The trade is naturally loath

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Few men have greater need for care, as smokers, than singers; it is, perhaps, surprising that a singer should smoke at all.

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Smokers have praised Punchbowle because it has "body," because it satisfies. Punchbowle is associated with *men of action* and the vigorous life of the open air, and although *very* heavy smokers have emphasised its harmlessness, it is pleasing to know that it does not affect *even a singer's* sensitive throat.

(The original letter can be inspected.)

"I am a singer by profession and naturally have to be careful "about what I smoke. I can safely say that I have tried "dozens of brands of tobacco, and ***until a friend recom-mended your Punchbowle Mixture to me I had never found the tobacco which does not affect the throat, but I am now entirely satisfied and shall not change my brand again.*** *. . . . If this letter is of any use you may use "it, but I shall be obliged if you will withhold my name."*

Punchbowle is the *full* strength Barneys, strong *yet cool*. Not every smoker has need of it, but seasoned pipe-men have found it gives complete and utter satisfaction; and have made it unique among strong Tobaccos with their spontaneous expressions of thanks.

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(103) John Sinclair, Ltd., Bath Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

to make expensive changes in its chassis, and a free-wheel cannot, so to speak, be gummed on to an existing car without substantial redesign of the transmission. Small factories dread the cost of such a reorganisation. The mass-production firms glue their eyes on price, and watch their competitors like leopards in this respect. If Sir William Morris standardised a free-wheel it would be an open question for his competitors—at the moment—whether to retain a fixed drive, and undercut the Morris price, or to copy his lead and embody a free-wheel. So far no mass-production firm has ventured to add the necessary couple of pounds or so to its chassis cost, fearing lest rivals should undersell. The British indifference is therefore almost wholly based on commercial rather than on technical motives.

We must further remember that, so far as the sensations of coasting are concerned, any British owner already has them at his finger ends. No gear change is more easily mastered than that of slipping into neutral down a hill, and re-engaging top gear on the level which follows the foot of the hill. This practice is extremely rare. It was always adopted in the old R.A.C. tests of motor cars, because it registered a remarkably low fuel consumption; but very few private owners adopt it. As the gear changes involved in the practice are simple, the cause may be either sheer idleness or the desire to have the engine in reserve as an auxiliary to the brakes. More probably the extreme silence of this mode of travel makes a driver rather discontented with the noise created by an average engine when it is pulling hard. It is hard to analyse one's own motives in such matters, but I believe this is my secret reason for practising the change so infrequently.

Probably the root of the reluctance is pure conservatism. We have been accustomed for all our driving years to effect temporary slowings by raising the right foot on the accelerator. With a free-wheel in the chassis, a relaxing of right-foot pressure produces no such deceleration, and may even provoke an acceleration. It conveys an illusive sense of lost control—illusive, because the full brake-power lies waiting under the other foot and one of the hands. I believe that a good free-wheel is a genuine asset, and a little energy on the part of the trade would convince the public that this is so.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

One of our customers had his pocket picked in the train between Bologna and Ravenna, and lost his letter-case with nearly £40—a swift, neat job. Two days later the police were able to tell him that the remnants of his case had been picked up on the line. All the Italian notes had been taken out (£4 odd) and the case thrown out of the window; an express had evidently run over it as it lay open on the line, for £25 in the Westminster Bank's Travellers Cheques had been slashed into ribbons. (Curiously, a secret pocket with two Bank of England notes was undamaged.)

The point is that the thief took the Italian notes, but dared not risk changing the Travellers Cheques; had our customer been carrying all foreign money, his loss would have been nearer £30 than £4.

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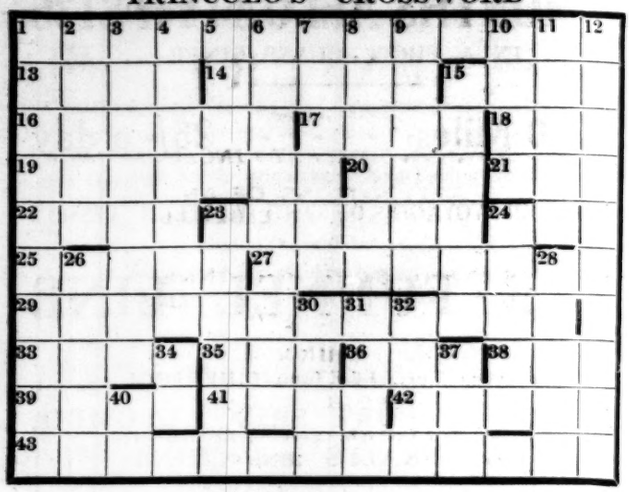
TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



BIOGRAPHY AND BOTANY

ACROSS.

1. His ultimate fate resembled his grandmother's.
13. Not Caliban's type of club.
14. There seems to have been a wind on the heath, brother.
15 *rev.* Colleague of Mr. Burke.
16. Gags that are useless to the gagged.
17. Shake up what was left in your glass to get the material for a stew.
18 *rev.* A few commissions pending.
19. Member of 13 *ac.* club.
20. Twisted weapon; twisted quarry.
21 *rev.* Not the kitchen range.
22. Edna found home to be this.
23. The White Knight's world.
24 *rev.* Thin sort of town.
25. Afterwards you can stir your tea between your hands.
27. Has neither end nor beginning.
29. Proclivities of Mr. Trotter.
33. Just the place for an aunt.
35. Take back your assent, M. Briand, the obligation is muddled.
36. From and in China.
38. Conclusive enough with water.
39. Member of the Fringe family.
41 *rev.* They say the army moves on its stomach.
42. Gantry that supported very little.
43. Pontificated, but not at the Vatican.

DOWN.

1. Long champion, and a challenger still.
2. Up-lift with a welcome ending.
3. Shocking taste in Philistia.
4. Tories or no Tories, the world still does this.
5. Keud.
6. I seem to be all wrong.
7. 21 *ac.* in Spain.
8. There are quite a lot of these in the Pantomime.
9 *rev.* He'll be a big bird presently.
10. Scraps of a circumference.
11. Mr. Mole's name for a friend of his.
12. Carried on without opiates; his great work is hidden there.
15 *rev.* Practise unkindness.
23. A wayside plant seems appropriately named.
24. Don Alfonso hasn't got one.
26. Gave a very successful imitation of a harpy.
28 *rev.* Pawns in the game of life.
30. Another of Mr. Mole's friends.
31. Oh! to be in Paris—
32. Grimace, and an upward stagger.
34. See 40.
37. Mr. Keats felt an inward moan to sit upon it.
40, 34. Obsolete court.

BRIDGE

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS.

No. XVII. When Not to Attempt a "Forcing Two."

North:		*East:*	
♠ Q 7 4	♥ 9 8	♠ 9 6	♥ Q J 3 2
♦ J 4 3	♣ 10 7 5 4 2	♦ K 9 8 7	♣ A 9 6
West:		*South:*	
♠ K J 10 3 2	♥ 10 5	♠ A 8 5	♥ A K 7 6 4
♦ Q 10 5 2	♣ J 3	♦ A 6	♣ K Q 8

Score: Game all. South deals.

The Bidding:

South - - 1 ♥ All Pass

As a rule, a hand containing five Honour-tricks is worth an opening suit bid of Two. Such a bid is "forcing," and demands a response from partner. But the bidding of "two" on 5 Honour-tricks must not be made a cast-iron rule.

In the example given, South is vulnerable, and, outside his honour-strength, has not a promising hand. He therefore opens with One Heart, and the bidding stops there. One Heart can probably be made. Had South opened with *Two* Hearts, North would have played the hand in Three No Trumps—with a probable loss of at least 500 points.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

(with notes in brackets).

ACROSS. 1. Unneighbourly. 12. Neapolitan. 15, 18. (Robin) Ada-ir. 16. Ibis. 17. Natural. 19. Vulturine. 21. Slab. 22. Ell (45 inches). 23. Esion (Noisel). 24. Thee. 25. (O)rie(l). 26. Ignte (tinge). 28. Saner. 30. Sus (sex). 31. Nagalam (*rev.*) 32. Tro (user). 33. I.M.S. 34. Altar. 38. Leap. 39. Thebaid. 42. Ihdnag (*rev.*) 44. Yale (ale). 45. Samoyeds.

DOWN. 1. University. 2. Nebulium (known by the green line in its spectrum). 3. Nailless. 4. Epstein. 5. Glaring. 6. Hit. 7. Oare (Lorna Doone). 8. Unashamed. 9. Rallentand(o). 10. Ldiae (ideal). 11. Yarborough. 13. Onus. 14. Tunnel. 20. Iota. 24. Tsal (last). 27. G—alas. 29. Erpas (spear). 34. Abe(let). 35. Tia (ait). 36. Adm (it). 37. Rio. 40. Ha (ir). 41. El. 43. Hy (Henry).

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR.

THE GOLD DRAIN—THE CABLES AND WIRELESS DEBACLE—ARGENTINE RAILWAY DIVIDENDS—"RUBBISH."

THE pound sterling, like the mark, has emerged from a terrible ordeal. Up to Wednesday this week the net efflux of gold from London had amounted in ten days to nearly £34,000,000. The Bank of England stood the strain without having to ask for special credits—its gold reserves even now are over £132,000,000—but the Governor and his entourage must be grateful to American banks for refraining from taking gold when they might have done. Friends in need are not forgotten. The City scouts the idea that a £20,000,000 loan or rediscount credit has been arranged by the Bank of France for the Bank of England. The conversations which Sir Robert Kindersley had in Paris with M. Moret, Governor of the Bank of France, were apparently designed to secure friendly co-operation for the future. It is high time that the central banks definitely agreed among themselves to stop the unnecessary movements of gold. Of course, no one can say when French commercial banks will not run into a panic—one of them made itself ridiculous by refusing our fine bank bills at one stage of the crisis—and they appear to be genuinely afraid that, if Germany collapses, London, which has re-lent American and French money to Berlin, will collapse also. Because the Bank of France passively watched the gold flow to Paris, we have had to endure a rise in our bank rate, a rise which is quite unwarranted by the state of trade or prices. If the City hopes that the gold hoarding of France will quickly lead to a rise in French prices and a drop in the French export trade, its feelings will be understood.

* * *

"Murder will out" in the world of finance as in any other. I am referring to the fact that the crime of over-capitalisation—the commonest way of murdering good companies—is now being disclosed in almost every batch of company reports. The most disturbing of the recent confessions by company directors—who, let me add, were not all privy to the crime of over-capitalisation of which I complain—was that of Cables and Wireless Ltd. If this important merger of the cable and wireless services of the Empire—including the Eastern cable group, Marconi, Pacific Cable Board, and our Post Office beam wireless stations—had not been blessed by the official Imperial and Wireless Conference of 1928 and duly authorised by the Governments concerned, it would by this time have been vulgarly described, on its trading results, as a "ramp." It was not, of course, carelessly conceived. The Conference of 1928 had the assistance of experts who, after due deliberation, fixed the standard revenue of the operating company, Imperial and International Communications, at £1,865,000 and its capital at £30,000,000. In the twelve months to December 31, 1930, this Company, after effecting all the economies it could, only earned 1.09% on its capital. Even in the twenty-one months to December 31, 1929, its earnings were at the rate of only 3.85 % per annum. The directors in their report more or less admit that since June, 1930, the Company has been operating at a loss. Rates have had to be cut in part to meet commercial and Government competition, and in part to bring cable charges down to the level of wireless charges. "It is clear," they say, "that the communications services of the Empire cannot continue indefinitely to be conducted . . . at a loss as, on the basis of present traffics, seems to be the probable outcome of the year 1931." Negotiations are proceeding with the official Advisory Committee which has to agree to any increase in rates. But what can or should the Government do? It can reduce the heavy rental which it charges the I. and I.C. for the lease of the Post Office "beam" stations, but it cannot protect the Company against ruinous foreign competition.

* * *

Here let me remind students of politics how important it is that the State, in controlling any public utility company, should let the public own the stock. If the controlled company proves to be over-capitalised, its capital can be written down without the fuss or inconvenience of Treasury sanction. Individual stockholders may suffer, but not the taxpayers as a whole. But can the stockholders, in this case, suffer any more than they have done already? The public owns the stock of Cables and Wireless Ltd., which owns the Cable Companies and Marconi, which, in turn, own the operating company, Imperial and International Communications, Ltd. The revenue of Cables and Wireless is thus derived from the dividends paid by the Cable Companies and Marconi, which, incidentally, have investments and interests outside their holdings in I. and I.C. Now these dividends, amounting last year to £1,886,875, although swollen by transfers of £329,500 from reserves, represented only 2.6% on the book value of the investments in the Cable and Wireless balance sheet. We may deduce that Cables and Wireless is grossly over-capitalised. It was just able to pay the dividends on its £23 millions odd of 5½% preference stock, but it had nothing to show by way of earnings on its £2.6 millions of 7½% A ordinary stock and £8.6 millions of B ordinary stock. If I. and I.C. makes a loss this year and passes its dividends, the revenue of Cables and Wireless would fall, on the 1930 basis, to £878,214, which is equivalent to about 3¾% on its preference capital. The most deplorable part of this sorry business is that innocent investors were induced to put money in Cables and Wireless preference stock on the strength of the report of the Imperial and Wireless Conference of 1928. No unscrupulous promoter or financier but honest officials of the Empire, on the advice of their experts, are responsible for blessing a merger company which now turns out to be grossly over-capitalised and a source of bitterness to its stockholders. The preference stock of Cables and Wireless is now quoted at 51, the 7½% "A" ordinary at 13½ and the "B" ordinary at 7½. As compared with the highest prices ruling in the 1929 days of delusion, the total depreciation in the market value of Cables and Wireless stocks is over £35,000,000.

* * *

The slump in railway stocks is an equally depressing subject. Let us deal first with the Argentine railways whose financial year ended on June 30th last. Here are the present market prices of the four leading stocks as compared with the highest prices recorded in 1930 and this year, together with the interim and final dividends paid in respect of 1929–30 and the interim dividends (if any) paid this year :—

	Highest 1930.	Prices 1931.	Present Price.	1929–30 Dividend % Int.	1929–30 Dividend % Final.	1930–31 Interim Divs. %
B.A. Gt. Southern ..	100½	71½	48	3	3	1
Central Argentine.. ..	89½	65	45½	2½	2½	1
B.A. and Pacific	90½	53½	37	3	4	nil.
B.A. Western	83½	55	29½	2½	2½	nil.

Whether these stocks are cheap or dear depends upon the amount of the final dividends. The gross traffic receipts for 1930–31 of these four railways, in the order given, showed the following declines as compared with 1929–30 :—8.6%, 4.2%, 10.6% and 13.6%. From these figures I have ventured to estimate the final dividends this year on the assumption (*a*) that the ratio of operating expenditure to gross traffics was the same as in 1929–30, and (*b*) that in remitting interest and dividends the Companies have sustained an exchange loss of 20%. The results are as follows :—

	1930–31 Interim.	Dividends % Possible Final.	Dividend Yield % at Present Price.
B.A. Gt. Southern	1	1.0	4.17
Central Argentine.. ..	1	1.6	5.71
B.A. and Pacific	nil.	nil.	nil.
B.A. Western	nil.	1.5	5.08

If my arithmetic is correct, all the stocks are overvalued, in particular Buenos Ayres and Pacific, on a dividend-yield basis. And if one looks forward to a trade recovery, can it be assumed that Argentina will allow its foreign-controlled railways ever again to charge the rates which enabled them to pay big dividends?

* * *

Let us end on a more cheerful note. My recent paragraph on "rubbish" shares brought forth some stimulating letters. One correspondent confided that his age was nearer ninety than eighty. Yet shares at "rubbish" prices apparently appealed to him as speculative "lock-up" investments. This is the spirit which carries Great Britain through a money crisis. I am grateful to one correspondent for the following suggestions :—

	High 1930.	Present Price.
(1) Para Electric Railways and Lighting :—		
5% 1st Debenture Stock	72¼	21
Cum. preference shs. of £1	14/3	1/3
(2) Millars Timber and Trading 6% cum. pref. shs. of £1	13/9	2

(1) Has tramway lighting concessions from Brazilian Municipality. Debenture interest due 1st. June unpaid chiefly on account of exchange depreciation. Last preference dividends paid in May, 1930.

(2) Operates in West Australia and is temporarily hit by the exchange. Pref. dividend paid to June, 1930.

These are not, of course, investments but "lock-ups" for the connoisseur who can discriminate between so-called "rubbish."

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